

THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

V O L. I.



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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
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DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED INTO
TWO VOLUMES.
WITH
EXPLANATORY NOTES.
VOL. I.



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M.DCC.LXXXV.

PORTLAND WORKS



jr

T O

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, Esq.

Whose DRAMATICK PERFORMANCES have been the
chief Supports of the English Stage since the Death
of Mr. GARRICK,

T H I S

C O L L E C T I O N

O F T H E

P O E T I C A L W O R K S

O F H I S

C E L E B R A T E D P R E D E C E S S O R

I S I N S C R I B E D,

By his most obedient,

And most humble Servant,

GEORGE KEARSLEY.

FLEET STREET,

April 15, 1785.

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P R E F A C E.

THE Publisher of the present Volumes has long observed with surprise the total neglect shewn to the Works of Mr. GARRICK. Though six years are now elapsed since his death, no one step has been taken towards giving an edition of them. Neither gratitude, friendship, affection, nor interest have in the slightest manner interposed. His pieces have been suffered to remain in the same state in which the Author left them, a prey to time; subject to every accident; and, as it should seem, doomed in a few years to be buried in oblivion.

The Author, careless and indifferent about his smaller productions, dispersed them in such a variety of publications,

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that, had he been now living, he would probably have found some difficulty in assembling them together, or even, without assistance, to recollect them. This difficulty is encreasing every day. By the death of friends; by the forgetfulness of contemporaries; and by the loss of fugitive pieces, a compleat collection of them (already a task not easy to be accomplished) will in a few years become impossible.

It is a consideration which may not be thought very honourable to human nature, that a man who contributed as much as any one of his time to the innocent amusement of life; whose performances on the stage must be always remembered with delight by those who had the happiness of seeing them; who had both the inclination and ability to confer favours; who left behind him many living memorials of his friendship and generosity; and whose death, as has been truly
said,

said, "eclipsed the gaiety of nations,
 "and impoverished the publick stock of
 "innocent pleasure," * should hitherto
 have found no person attentive to the
 calls of respect, no one alive to the re-
 monstrances of gratitude, to erect a mo-
 nument to his fame, by collecting and
 publishing his fugitive performances.

Abandoned and neglected as these
 have been, both by their Author and his
 Representatives, the Publisher has been
 prevailed upon to solicit the assistance of
 many of Mr. Garrick's friends, and by
 their aid he has been enabled to present
 to the Publick a collection which has
 been long enquired after, and which,
 from the care with which it has been
 formed, he trusts will not disgrace the
 memory of the Author. Should the
 sources from whence the several pieces
 have been drawn be enumerated, he is
 certain that he should be allowed some

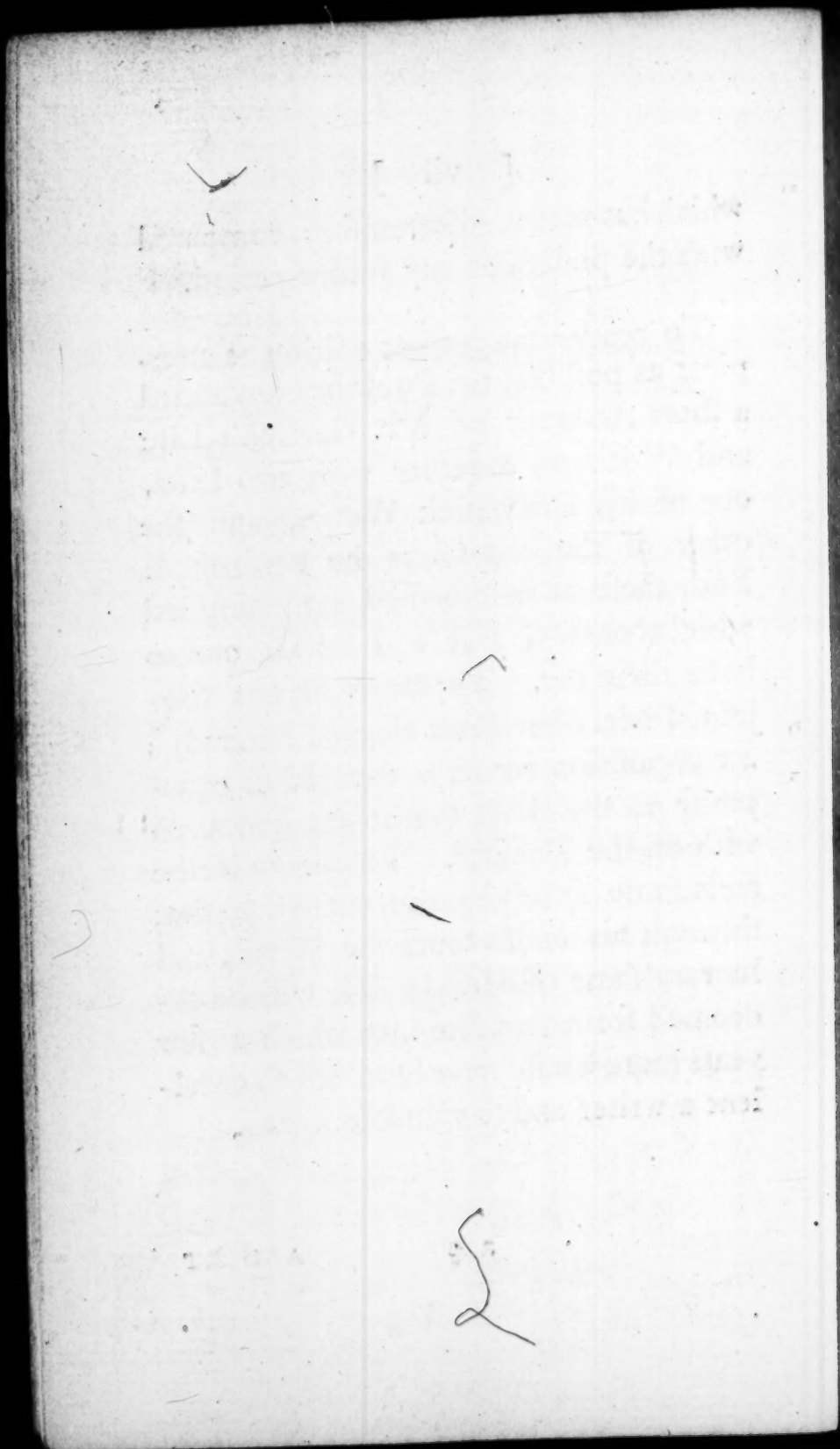
* Dr. Johnson's Life of Edmund Smith.

merit from his industry, as almost every performance has been selected from a different publication, most of them very difficult to be procured, and some, from their scarcity, equal in value to manuscripts.

It would be impertinent to take up the Reader's time in recommending what has been so long and so universally approved. Mr. Garrick's writings do not want any such assistance. Their merit has been already fully acknowledged, and require only to be more diffused, to be more applauded. They are here classed in some measure according to their subjects, and for the most part in chronological order. By this means the Prologues and Epilogues, which generally turn on the fashions or incidents of the day, will serve to illustrate and keep in memory the foibles, virtues, vices and habits of the times, and exhibit no unfaithful picture of the good sense or folly which

which has prevailed heretofore, compared with the present or any future period.

To render the present edition as complete as possible, the Publisher has added a short Account of Mr. Garrick's Life and Writings; together with two Lists, one of his Dramatick Works, and the other of the characters he performed. Both these he is informed are compiled with accuracy, and will be allowed to have their use. To them he has subjoined Mr. Sheridan's elegant Monody; a composition which is entitled to equal praise in the closet that it was honoured with on the Theatre. To conclude: he feels some satisfaction in reflecting, that through his endeavours the Works and literary fame of Mr. Garrick will be redeemed from that fate into which a few years more would have involved so excellent a writer and so valuable a man.



A
SHORT ACCOUNT
OF THE
LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF
DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

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A SHORT ACCOUNT, &c.

DAVID GARRICK was born at Hereford, about the month of February, 1716. His grandfather was a merchant of French extraction, as it is said, who left his native country on the revocation of the edict of Nantz in the year 1685. This gentleman had two sons and two daughters: one of the former became a wine-merchant at Lisbon; and the other, whose name was Peter, the father of the late Mr. Garrick, followed the military profession, and had at the time of his death been advanced to a majority in the army. He married a daughter of Mr. Clough, one of the Vicars in Litchfield Cathedral, and happened to be quartered at the Angel-inn in Hereford, where his son David (who was baptized * the

* The following is an extract from the register book of the parish of All Saints in the City of Hereford: "David Garrick, the son of Peter and Arabella Garrick, was baptized the 28th of February, 1716."

It is remarkable, that the late Mr. Powell was also born in the city of Hereford.

28th

28th of February 1716) was born. Mr. Garrick, the father, afterwards settled at Litchfield, and resided there several years. A short time before his death he determined to sell his commission, and for that purpose entered into a treaty with a gentleman who had agreed to give him 1100*l.* for it; but, unfortunately, before the sale was completed he died, and left a numerous family in a great measure unprovided for.

His son David received the first part of his education at the free school of Litchfield under Mr. Hunter, who had the honour of numbering amongst his scholars, Doctor Johnson, Chief Justice Willes, Doctor Newton, Bishop of Bristol, and other men of eminence. Very early in life our Roscius found a friend in Gilbert Walmsley, Esq; register of the ecclesiastical court there; a gentleman then unmarried and well advanced in years, whose partiality seemed to authorise some favourable expectations of a permanent provision; all which were destroyed by Mr. Walmsley's unexpectedly taking a wife. He, however, recommended his young friend to Mr. Colson, master of the academy at Rochester, in order to complete his education; and accordingly, in the month of March, 1736, Mr. Garrick left Litch-

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Litchfield, in company with Doctor Samuel Johnson*, who at the same time quitted his profession of a schoolmaster, and came to London, where he afterwards became one of the first ornaments of literature.

At the age of about eleven years, Mr. Garrick went over to Lisbon, and was received by his uncle with great kindness; but, that strictness of morals which a fond relation wished to

* A character of Mr. Walmisley (who died August 3, 1751, aged 69) is given by Doctor Johnson, in his elegant life of Edmund Smith, which accompanies "The works of the English Poets." The following epitaph was written on him by Mr. Seward.

READER, if science, honour, reason, charm;
If social charities thy bosom warm;
If smiling bounty ope thy heart and door;
If justice stile thee—guardian of the poor;
Firm to Britannia's prince, and church, and laws,
If freedom fire thee in thy country's cause;
With sympathetic love these relics see,
But think not Walmisley dead—he lives in thee.

But if, regardless of strong reason's voice,
In wine, and noise, and faction, thou rejoice;
If thou thy faith, and liberties betray,
And barter laws for arbitrary sway;
If Briton born, thy soul's a Gallick slave;
Start from his tomb he would—and call thee—"Fool and knave."

Mr. Walmisley translated into Latin---Doctor Byrom's celebrated song, beginning "My time, O ye muses," &c. It is in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, February 1745.

see

See in his nephew not being observed at that place, to prevent his being corrupted, it was thought proper to send him back to England; his uncle still preserving a great regard for him, which he shewed at his death by leaving him a legacy of 1000*l*.

It appears from Mr. *Walmsley's* letters, that Mr. Garrick was intended for the profession of the law; and accordingly, on the 9th day of March 1736*, immediately on his arrival in London, he was entered of the society of Lincoln's-Inn; but it is certain he never paid any attention to the study of that science; and indeed it is within the memory of many yet living, that his employment for a short time, in the interval between his leaving school and his appearance on the stage, was of a nature very different from what he was first destined to, and what he afterwards pursued with so much reputation and success. We are credibly informed that he followed the business of a wine-merchant somewhere in or near Durham-yard, being induced thereto, it may be presumed, by the encouragement and support of his uncle.

To whatever cause it was owing, we are not informed; but his success in business was not sufficient to engage his continuance in it; and

* Play-house Dictionary.

this want of success might perhaps arise from his attention to a more pleasing pursuit. He had at school performed the part of Serjeant Kite with applause; and he was now prompted to employ the talents which he possessed for his immediate support. Chetwood mentions, that his facetious good humour gained him entrance behind the scenes two or three years in Drury-lane, before he commenced actor, and it is certain that he produced there, his first drama called *Lethe*, in April, 1740, for Mr. Giffard's Benefit. Determining to try his fortune on the stage, he went down to *Ipswich*, under the name of Lyddel, and performed in a strolling company there. The part in which he first appeared was that of Aboan * in *Oroonoko*; and the approbation he met with in this country excursion encouraged him to pursue his plan in London. He, therefore, after being (as it is reported) rejected by the manager of Covent Garden, to whom he had offered his service, engaged with Mr. Giffard, at the theatre in Goodman's Fields, in the year 1741. The character he then attempted was that of Richard the Third; and he performed it October 19th, 1741, in a manner which fixed his re-

* From the information of a contemporary comedian.

putation on that basis upon which it stood, as the first actor of the times, during the rest of his life. Two circumstances were observed on his first night's performance ; one, that, on his entrance on the stage, he was under so much embarrassment, that for some time he was unable to speak : the other, that, having exerted himself with much vehemence in the first two acts, he became so hoarse as to be almost incapable of finishing the character. This difficulty was obviated by a person behind the scenes recommending him to take the juice of a Seville orange, which he fortunately had in his pocket, and which enabled him to go through the remainder of the character with that degree of excellence which he always afterwards shewed in the performance of it, and which produced the applause which ever after uniformly attended him in it. The person to whom he owed this seasonable relief was the late Mr. Dryden Leach, printer, who used often to tell the story to his friends.

It was during this first year of his theatrical life that he produced the farce of *The Lying Valet* ; a performance which has given pleasure to numberless spectators, even after the principal character ceased to be performed by
its

its author. At the end of the season he went over to *Ireland*, and in that kingdom added both to his fortune and his fame. The next year (1742 to 1743) he performed at Drury Lane, and the year after (1743 to 1744) at the same theatre. At the beginning of this season he was involved in a dispute with Mr. Macklin, who had joined with him in opposing the oppressions of the managers. That gentleman complained that he was deserted in the agreement made with the managers, and published a state of his case, in a pamphlet, intituled, "Mr. Macklin's reply to Mr. Garrick's answer. To which are prefixed, all the papers which have publickly appeared in regard to this important dispute." The next year (1744 to 1745) he continued at Drury Lane; but the succeeding season (1745 to 1746) he went again to Dublin, and engaged with Mr. *Sheridan* as joint sharer and adventurer in the theatre there. In May 1746, he returned to London, and performed in six plays at the end of that month at Covent Garden, by which, we are told, he added 300l. to a great sum acquired in Ireland *. He performed but one year more as an hired actor (1746 to 1747) which was at Covent Garden theatre, where he produced *Miss in her Teens*.

* *Victor's History of the Theatres*, vol. I. p. 89.

The mismanagement of the patentees of Drury-lane Theatre, after the deaths of Booth and Wilks, and the retirement of Cibber from the stage, had ruined every person concerned in it. At this period the successors of Mr. Fleetwood * became involved in so many difficulties,

* Charles Fleetwood, Esq. The history of this gentleman is very remarkable. It affords so striking a moral, and, at the same time, so important a lesson; that, though not strictly connected with the life of Mr. Garrick, we hope to be pardoned for inserting the following particulars concerning him. At the age of twenty-one he came to a landed estate of six thousand pounds a year. "He was," says Mr. Victor, *History of the Theatres*, Vol. I. p. 33, "agreeable in his person; and the qualities of his mind and amiableness of his disposition carried with them irresistible attractions; all the nobility of the kingdom seemed fond of cultivating an acquaintance with a young man of his extensive fortune, right disposition, and sweetness of temper. He was affable and engaging in his address, which was the last and only remaining quality that he kept with him to his death; and, no doubt, that would have vanished with the rest, if he had not found it of constant use to him in his business with the world, as that address enabled him to deceive even persons that thought themselves armed against him." He purchased the patent of Drury-lane Theatre in the year 1734, and continued in the management of it until 1745, when he left the kingdom; and some time after died a bankrupt both in fortune and reputation. Mr. Victor says, he was a ruined man before he engaged in theatrical concerns, and that for some years he profited by his purchase. It was his misfortune early in life to be thwarted in a design which he entertained, of uniting himself to a young lady

ties, that it was no longer possible for them to

lady of inferior fortune; the disappointment of which threw him into that habit of dissipation, which rendered him an easy prey to a set of sharpers, who first deprived him of his fortune, and afterwards of his integrity. The present Duke of Norfolk, in his *Thoughts, Essays, and Maxims*, published in 12mo. 1768, p. 87, relates the following fact, which “happened in the presence of his wife, at either Bruges or Ghent, before he was married, or at all acquainted with her; viz. Mrs. Fleetwood, daughter to Lord Gerrard, and mother to Mr. Fleetwood, who was master manager of Drury-lane Playhouse (a gentleman of a very ancient good family, unhappily known) came upon a visit, and flung herself upon her knees to ask pardon of a Baronet’s daughter, who was then companion to Mrs. Howard, as the only atonement left in her power for having prevented her only son from marrying her, to whom there could be no objection, but that her fortune was not as great as another lady’s she had in view for him; by which means she was the occasion, indirectly, of the unhappiness of the young lady, by unhinging her mind, and souring her temper; and of her only son’s ruin, both in fortune and reputation, by flinging him into a round of dissipation and pleasure in order to eradicate his strongest affections. This kind of life had such an effect on him, that he contracted that baneful habit of gaming; so that in the course of a few years he ruined his fortune, (a very noble one) as most gamblers do, first by setting out a dupe, and afterwards turning sharper: at length he died unpitied, and, it is said, of a broken heart, being a little before reduced to a wretched annuity in some part of France.” He left several children. Two of them appeared on the stage as actors, and one is but lately dead. This gentleman was two seasons, 1758 and 1759, at Drury-lane Theatre, and received a considerable share of applause. He however afterwards declined the pursuit, and went to the East Indies, where he acquired a genteel fortune. The other son died at Edinburgh a few years since.

continue the conduct of a business to which they were strangers, and which they were never likely to succeed in. In 1745 that gentleman had left the Theatre to his creditors to manage, after making the best terms he was able for himself. They conducted the business of it for two seasons, when, unable to continue the management any longer, the property of the patent, house, and scenes, was offered to several persons: but so apprehensive was every one become of the hazard of intermeddling with the theatre, that no purchaser was for some time to be found. At this juncture the late Mr. Lacy stepped forward, and boldly ventured to engage for the purchase. Having the reputation of a man of integrity, he soon found friends among the monied men to support him in his undertaking; the success of it, he prudently concluded, must depend in some measure on the abilities of the person with whom he should connect himself in the scheme. Mr. Garrick's reputation, both as a man and an actor, naturally led him to wish for his junction. A treaty was soon begun, and an agreement between them afterwards took place. Application was made for a new patent; which was obtained, and both their names inserted in it*.

* Victor's History of the Theatres, Vol. I. p. 84.

The season which began in 1747 was the first of their management, and was opened with an admirable Prologue, written by Doctor Johnson, and spoken by Mr. Garrick *. From this time Drury Lane Theatre, which had been so fatal to many adventurers, became the source of wealth and independence to both partners, who jointly exerted their several abilities in the management of the undertaking, with a degree of harmony which did credit to their understandings, and with a share of success which in some measure must be ascribed to that good correspondence which subsisted between them †.

After

* See Doctor Johnson's Poems, published by Kearsley.

† Mr. Lacey's memory, as an honest and worthy man, to whose assiduity and attention we are partly indebted for the present regularity of the Theatre, deserves a few words. He was originally a manufacturer at Norwich, but unsuccessful in his connexions with trade. He afterwards came on the stage, and performed at the Hay-market in *Pasquin* and other pieces which were brought out at that theatre when under the direction of the late Henry Fielding, esq. He then read lectures in York Buildings, and engaged in the scheme of building Ranelagh, which the knavery of the person with whom he associated rendered unsuccessful. The confidence which was reposed in his integrity enabled him without money to become the purchaser of Drury Lane Theatre at the juncture above-mentioned; and his prudence was the means of his amassing a considerable fortune, which however would have been much larger, had not an

After he had been a manager two years, and the dissipation of youth had subsided, the charms of a lady, who then lived with the countess of Burlington as a companion, made a conquest of him. It is unnecessary to add that this lady is at present his widow. She is, we are informed, by birth a German. Her parents lived at Vienna; and she appeared on the stage there as a dancer. In the year 1746, she came to England, and performed one Season at Drury Lane Theatre. She was then called Madame Eva Maria Violetti. The union between them took place on the 22d day of June, 1749; and we may add, that no marriage ever was attended with more happiness to both parties than this for near thirty years, during which time, it is on good authority asserted, they scarce passed a day separate from each other.

The theatrical season which commenced in the year 1750 was rendered remarkable by the

unhappy propensity to scheming taken possession of him, and induced him to launch into undertakings by which he was a great loser. We are informed his property was much lessened by searching for coal-mines in Oxfordshire. He was however still rich; and, at his death, January 1774, left a very handsome estate to an only son, whom he had by Mrs. Willoughby, an actress of Drury Lane Theatre. This Gentleman has since sold his share in the theatre.

Spirit

spirit of rivalry which prevailed at both houses. At the beginning of Mr. Garrick's management he had engaged Barry, Macklin, Pritchard, Woffington, Cibber, and Clive; and, with these excellent performers, it may be imagined the profits of the House were very considerable. Soon after, Mr. Barry, who was under articles, refused to continue any longer at Drury Lane, and, when sued for the breach of his contract escaped from the penalty by means no way redounding to his honour. Macklin and Mrs. Cibber likewise went over to Covent Garden; as did Mrs. Woffington, who is said to have entertained expectations of being united in marriage with Mr. Garrick. With these deserters, aided by the veteran Quin, Mr. Rich opened Covent Garden Theatre. Mr. Garrick, not intimidated by the strength of the opposition, took the field on the 5th of September with an occasional Prologue spoken by himself*; which was answered by another delivered by Mr. Barry; and this again replied to by a very humorous Epilogue, admirably repeated by Mrs. Clive†. The play of *Romeo and Juliet* had lain dormant many years. This was now revived at both Houses: at Drury Lane, with al-

* See p. 102.

† See p. 104.

terations by Mr. Garrick, who performed the principal character; Mr. Woodward playing Mercutio; and Mrs. Bellamy, Juliet: against them at Covent-garden, were Mr. Barry and Mrs. Cibber in the principal characters, and Mr. Macklin in Mercutio. Both houses began on the first of October; and continued to perform it for twelve successive nights; when Covent-garden gave up the contention; and its rival kept the field one night more, with the credit of holding out longer than its opponent, though it is supposed neither side reaped much advantage from the spirit of perseverance which had governed them both in this contest.

In the year 1754, on the 6th day of March, died Mr. Pelham, who had conducted the business of government for some years before with candour, ability, and integrity. He was sincerely lamented both by prince and people; and on this occasion Mr. Garrick displayed his poetic talents, in an ode which we are told ran through four editions in a few weeks. It is a performance which does credit to him, both as a man and a poet, and is the first in the present volumes.

The objectors to Mr. Garrick's management of the theatre had a long time complained that

that he had conducted himself with too strict an attention to œconomy in the ornamental and decorative parts of theatrical exhibitions. They were perpetually throwing out insinuations, that the manager, relying on his own powers, was determined to regulate the entertainments of the stage with an eye only to his own advantage, and without any regard to the satisfaction of the public. These murmurs had continued some time, when at last Mr. Garrick determined to meet the wishes of his friends, and to silence the discontents of his enemies. For this purpose he applied to Mr. Denoyer, sen. to recommend some person of genius to superintend and contrive a splendid spectacle to be exhibited at Drury-lane. The person fixed upon for that purpose was Mr. Noverre, a Swiss; who immediately received orders to engage the best troop of dancers that could be procured. These he selected from the foreign theatres; and they consisted of Swiss, Italians, Germans, and some French. The entertainment in which they were employed was soon afterwards produced. It was called The Chinese Festival; and was, in the theatrical phrase, got up with great magnificence, and at a very considerable expence. The expectations

peclations of the managers were however wholly disappointed in the success of the performance. Although but few of the French nation were employed in it, yet a report had been industriously spread, that not only French dancers had been sent for over, but French dresses also, and even French carpenters and taylors. The nation was then on the eve of a war; and this afforded an opportunity for engaging the passions of those who professed themselves Antigallicans. They accordingly formed associations, to discourage the several performers, and suppress the obnoxious performance whenever it should appear. At length, after having taken up more than eighteen months in preparing, it was brought before the publick, and received with all the virulence and opposition which might be expected from the violence and heat of the times. The first performance of it was on the 8th day of November, 1755, and was honoured with the presence of his late Majesty; yet, notwithstanding that circumstance, it did not even then escape ill treatment. On the second, third, fourth, and fifth nights, the riots continued with increasing strength, though opposed each evening by several young men of fashion, who

had

had determined to support the performance. On the sixth evening the opposition acquired fresh vigour and increasing numbers. They frustrated every attempt to proceed in the exhibition; and committed every excess which a mob, subject to no controul, is apt to indulge itself in. That evening was the last representation. After receiving assurance that the piece should be acted no more, the heroes who had signalized themselves in this important business proceeded to Mr. Garrick's house in Southampton-street, where they broke his windows, and did other damages. They then dispersed; and the proprietors of the theatre were obliged to submit to the loss of more than four thousand pounds.

It would be impossible to enumerate the several small pieces of poetry which Mr. Garrick used to throw out from time to time, as his leisure permitted, to compliment his friends, or to celebrate public events. We shall, however, just mention here that in 1755 he wrote some verses on Mr. Mason's taking orders*; and in 1757 he appears to have been one of the few who had taste enough to relish the beauties of Mr. Gray's celebrated odes†. In 1759 Dr. Hill

* See p. 504

† Mason's Life of Gray, p. 250.

wrote

wrote a pamphlet, intituled, "To David Garrick, Esq; the Petition of *I*, in behalf of herself and her sisters." The purport of it was to charge Mr. Garrick with mispronouncing some words including the letter *I*, as *furm* for firm, *vurtue* for virtue, and others. The pamphlet is now forgotten; but the Epigram, which Mr. Garrick wrote on the occasion, deserves to be preserved, as one of the best in the English language.

From this period no event of importance occurs in the annals of Mr. Garrick's life until the year 1761. The business of the theatre went on without interruption; and he continued to acquire both reputation and fortune. In that year, however, he found himself obliged to exert his poetical talents, in order to correct the impertinence of an insignificant individual, a Mr. Fitzpatrick, who, without provocation, and in defiance of decency, carried on a weekly attack against him, in a paper called "The Craftsman." The original cause of the quarrel, we are informed, was grounded on some illiberal reflexions which Mr. Fitzpatrick threw out against Mr. Garrick, and which the latter resented with spirit and propriety, though a considerable time had elapsed before he was provoked

provoked to take public notice of him. As Mr. Fitzpatrick's writings are now entirely forgotten, the revenge which Mr. Garrick took of him must, from that circumstance alone, be involved in some obscurity. Those, however, who are unacquainted with either persons or facts will receive pleasure in reading Mr. Garrick's admirable satire published on this occasion, intituled *THE FRIBBLERIAD*, a Poem, which had the honour of being highly commended by Churchill, who has also given a very severe correction to the same person.

However unequal Mr. Fitzpatrick was to the task of contending with Mr. Garrick in a literary warfare, yet the rancour which his defeat had engendered pointed out a new mode of attack to distress his antagonist. It had been customary, on the representation of a new performance, to refuse admittance at any part of the evening, unless the whole price of the entertainment was paid. This had almost invariably been the rule; and it had hitherto been submitted to, as a reasonable demand from the managers, to compensate for the extraordinary expence which new dresses and scenes occasioned. To gratify his resentment, Mr. Fitzpatrick seized on this circumstance as a ground to disturb the peace of the theatre, and to involve

volve the managers in a contest with the publick. For this purpose hand-bills were dispersed about the coffee houses in the neighbourhood of Drury-lane, recommending a peremptory demand to be made, and requiring an absolute promise to be given that no more than half the usual price should be taken on any evening of performance after the third act, unless at the representation of a new pantomime. A kind of association was entered into by several young men, to obtain a redress of this grievance, as it was called; and Mr. Fitzpatrick put himself at the head of it. The evening on which the attack was made happened to be when the *The two Gentlemen of Verona* was performed for the alterer's Benefit. The performance accordingly was interrupted, after several attempts to proceed in it; and the proprietors of the house, thinking the requisition an unjust one, and the manner of making it improper to be acceded to, refused to submit to it: in consequence whereof no play was acted that night, and the audience received their money again at the doors, having first amused themselves with doing all the mischief they were able. By this trial, the malecontents had discovered their strength, and determined to carry their point

in

in humbling the pride of the manager. On the next performance, which was at the tragedy of *Elvira*, they collected their whole force, and again prevented the actors proceeding in the play. It was in vain that Mr. Garrick desired to be heard in defence of the ancient customs of the theatre. The opposition insisted on a peremptory answer to their demand in the new regulation; which, after some time, the proprietors of the house were obliged to agree to; and once more peace was restored to the theatre after a considerable loss had been sustained, and obliged to be submitted to*.

This season was the last in which Mr. Garrick could be said to have acted in the regular course of his profession. From this time he declined performing any new characters; and, finding his health unsettled by the advice of his physician he determined to give himself some relaxation from care and fatigue. He therefore made the arrangements necessary for carrying on the public entertainments during his absence; and on the 15th of September 1763, the day on which the House opened, he left London, in order to make the tour of France, and Italy. To supply his place, he engaged

* See an account of this riot, *Gentleman's Magazine* vol. XXIII. p. 31.

the late Mr. Powell, who had received his instructions the preceding summer, and whose success was equal to the abilities he possessed. To the honour of his employers, it may be added, that his abilities were not higher than the encouragement he received for the exertion of them. Although he was engaged for a term of years at a small salary; yet he was, before the season closed, generously allowed an appointment equal to the first performer in the house. We are credibly informed, the profits that year exceeded even those in which Mr. Garrick performed in the height of his reputation.

The interval from this period, until the month of April 1765, Mr. Garrick employed in travelling through the principal parts of Europe; and was, at every place where he resided, and at most of the courts to which he was introduced, received in the most honourable and cordial manner; by the great, as well as by men of letters; each vying with the other in shewing respect to the greatest dramatic character of the age. While he stayed at Paris, he amused himself with reading *Fontaine's Fables*; which pleased him so much, that he was induced to attempt an imitation of them.

them. He accordingly wrote one, called *The Sick Monkey*; which he transmitted over to a friend, to be ready for publication immediately on his arrival. It accordingly made its appearance in two or three days after, with the following motto: "Thursday afternoon David Garrick, Esq; arrived at his house in Southampton-street, Covent-garden. Public Advertiser, April 27, 1765." And he had the pleasure of hearing the sentiments of his friends upon it; many of whom mistook it for a satire upon him, and accordingly expressed themselves in very warm terms on the occasion.

Immediately on his arrival he resumed the management of the theatre, and introduced some improvements which had been suggested by his observations on the conduct of the foreign stages. From the list of his works it will be seen that he had not been idle while abroad. He produced the next season several new pieces, and in the beginning of 1766 the excellent comedy of *The Clandestine Marriage*, written in concert with Mr. Colman. He also, at the request of his Majesty, appeared again upon the stage; and on that occasion spoke * a new prologue, replete with those strokes

* See page 201

of humour in which, in that species of composition, he manifested a superiority over all his contemporaries.

In that year died Mr. Quin * and Mrs. Cibber. Their deaths were very pathetically taken notice of in the prologue to *The Clandestine Marriage*; and for the former Mr. Garrick wrote an epitaph, which was placed over his tomb in the cathedral church of Bath. Mr. Quin was the only performer of any reputation when Mr. Garrick first appeared on the stage, and he had likewise been one of his earliest opposers. For several years however before Mr. Quin's death great cordiality had subsisted between him and Mr. Garrick, at whose house at Hampton he spent some time a few months before his death, and there first discovered the symptoms of that disorder which carried him to his grave.

The year 1769 was remarkable for the celebration of a jubilee at Stratford upon Avon, the 6th, 7th, and 8th of September, in honour of Shakespeare; a ceremony which very much engaged the public attention. Although it was treated by some as a subject worthy only

* Mr. Quin died the 21st day of January, 1766; and Mrs. Cibber on the 30th of the same month.

of ridicule, yet by others it was deemed a just compliment due to the great writer whose memory was intended to be honoured by it. The circumstance which gave rise to it happened some time before, and was as follows : A clergyman, into whose possession the house once belonging to our great poet had come, found that a mulberry-tree, which grew in the garden, and which had been planted, according to tradition, by Shakespeare himself, overshadowed his mansion, and made it damp. To remedy this inconvenience, he caused it to be cut down, to the great mortification of his neighbours, who were so enraged at him, that they soon rendered the place, out of revenge, too disagreeable for him to remain in it. He therefore was obliged to quit it; and the tree, being purchased by a carpenter, was retailed, and cut out in various relicks of stand-dishes, tea-chests, tobacco-stoppers, and other things; some of which were obtained by the corporation of Stratford. The gentlemen belonging to this body soon after agreed to present Mr. Garrick with the freedom of their borough, and their steward communicated their intentions to him in a letter, from whence the following extract is taken : “ The corporation of

Stratford, ever desirous of expressing their gratitude to all who do honour and justice to the memory of Shakespeare, and highly sensible that no person in any age hath excelled you therein, would think themselves much honour'd if you would become one of their body. Tho' this borough doth not now send members to parliament, perhaps the inhabitants may not be less virtuous; and, to render the freedom of this place the more acceptable to you, the corporation propose to send it in a box made of that very mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare's own hand. The story of that valuable relick is too long to be here inserted: but the gentleman who is so obliging as to convey this to you will acquaint you therewith; as also that the corporation would be happy in receiving from your hands some statue, bust, or picture of Shakespeare, to be placed within their new town-hall; they would be equally pleased to have some picture of yourself, that the memory of both may be perpetuated together in that place which gave him birth, and where he still lives in the mind of every inhabitant."

The honour proposed in this letter to be conferred on Mr. Garrick was accepted by him; and the same compliment was paid to George Keate,

Keate, Esq; who had some time before produced a poem, which contained an excellent eulogium on our admirable dramatick bard *. In the month of May the persons deputed by the corporation waited on Mr. Garrick, and presented him with the freedom of their borough, accompanied with the following letter :

- * “ Yes! jealous wits for empire still may strive,
 “ Still keep the flames of critic rage alive:
 “ Our Shakespeare yet shall all his rights maintain,
 “ And crown the triumphs of Eliza’s reign.
 “ Above controul, above each classic rule,
 “ His tut’refs Nature, and the world his school.
 “ On pinions fancy-plum’d to him was given
 “ The power to scale INVENTION’S BRIGHTEST HEAVEN
 “ Bid the charm’d soul to raptur’d heights aspire,
 “ And wake in every breath congenial fire.—
 “ Revere his genius—to the dead be just,
 “ Nor blast the laurels that o’ersshade the dust.—
 “ Low sleeps the bard IN COLD OBSTRUCTION LAID,
 “ Nor asks the chaplet from a rival’s head.
 “ Oe’r the drear vault, ambition’s utmost bound,
 “ Unheard shall Fame her airy trumpet sound :
 “ Yet while his AVON winds its silver way,
 “ His wreaths shall bloom unconscious of decay.—
 “ As Raphael’s own creation grac’d his hearse,
 “ And sham’d the pomp of ostentatious verse;
 “ So, self-adorn’d, shall Shakespeare stand array’d,
 “ And Nature perish ere his pictures fade.”

FERNEY, 4to. 1769.

“ To DAVID GARRICK, Esq;

“ S I R,

“ The mayor, aldermen, and burgesſes of the antient borough of Stratford upon Avon, a town that glories in giving birth to the immortal Shakespeare, whoſe memory you have ſo highly honoured, and whoſe conceptions you have ever ſo happily expreſſed—rejoice in an opportunity of adding their mite to that univerſal applauſe your inimitable powers have moſt juſtly merited ; and, as a mark of their eſteem and gratitude, have reſpectfully tranſmitted to you the freedom of their borough, in a box made from a mulberry tree, undoubtedly planted by Shakespeare’s own hand, which they hope you will do them the honour of accepting.

“ By order of the mayor, aldermen, and burgesſes in common council.

Stratford upon Avon,
May 3, 1769.

Signed by
W. HUNT,
Town-clerk.”

The manner in which this entertainment was to have been performed, the diſappointments it ſuſtained, and the ſeveral occurrences which

which took place at it, are all so recent in the memories of most of our readers, and were so accurately related at the time they happened *, that we shall not recapitulate them here. It is sufficient to observe, that accident deprived those who were present of part of their entertainment; that all which was exhibited gave general satisfaction; and Mr. Garrick, who was a great sum of money out of pocket by it, framed an entertainment, which was performed at Drury-lane Theatre 92 nights with great applause to very crouded audiences. The ode which was spoken by him at Stratford was also repeated at the same theatre, but not with much success, being performed only seven times †.

The management of a theatre is always attended with anxiety and vexation; the difficulty of satisfying the several candidates for theatrical fame is so great, that he who can preserve the friendship of those whose pieces he rejects, must be allowed to possess very extraordinary abilities. In the year 1772, it was

* See Victor's History of the Theatres, Voi. III.

† This ode was parodied in an admirable burlesque, called "An Ode on dedicating a Building and erecting a Statue to Le Stue, Cook to the Duke of Newcastle at Clermont." Reprinted, with Mr. Garrick's Ode, in Dilly's REPOSITORY, vol. I.

Mr. Garrick's misfortune to be embroiled with a very irascible and troublesome person, who claimed the representation of one of his pieces at Drury-lane; and he enforced his demand in a manner that will stamp indelible disgrace on his memory. He published a poem to intimidate the manager, called *Love in the Suds*, containing insinuations of the basest kind, and which he afterwards denied having had any intentions to convey. As this writer is dead, those reflections on his conduct which had he been living might have appeared here, and which the subject naturally suggests, shall be suppressed. It will be sufficient to observe, that Mr. Garrick had recourse to the court of King's Bench, to punish the infamous libeller of his reputation; and, notwithstanding he had been a second time insulted by another publication conceived with equal malignity, he was weak enough to stop the prosecution he had commenced, on his adversary's signing an acknowledgment of his offence, which was printed in all the public papers. It cannot be denied but that the interests of society demanded that so gross an offender should meet with punishment, and that no concessions ought to have been allowed to deprecate that stroke which the law would have inflicted on so heinous a crime.

From

From this time no event of importance happened, until the resolution which Mr. Garrick had begun to form of quitting the stage was, to the concern of every one, carried into execution. In the beginning of the year 1776, he entered into an agreement with some of the present patentees, for the sale of his interest in the theatre; but continued to act during the remainder of that season. The last night of his performance was for the Theatrical Fund, on the 10th day of June in that year, when he represented the character of Don Felix in *The Wonder*. At the conclusion of the play he came forward, and addressed the audience in a short speech, wherein he said, "it had been usual for persons in his situation to address the publick in an epilogue; and that he had accordingly turned his thoughts that way, but found it as impossible to write, as it would be to speak, a studied composition; the jingle of rhyme and the language of fiction ill suiting his then feelings: that the moment in which he then spoke was an awful one to him: that he had received innumerable favours, and took his leave on the spot where those favours were conferred." He then said, "that, whatever the events of his future life might be, he should
ever

ever remember those favours with the highest satisfaction and deepest gratitude; and though he admitted the superior skill and abilities of his successors, he desired them to exert themselves with more industry, zeal, and attention, than he had done." This speech, which was delivered with all that emotion which the particular situation of the speaker rendered very interesting and affecting, was received with the loudest bursts of applause; and he left the stage with the acclamations of a numerous and polite audience, who were unable to forbear expressing the deepest concern for the loss of their favourite performer.

Mr. Garrick now retired to the enjoyment of his friends, the most respectable in the kingdom, and of a large fortune, acquired in the course of more than thirty years: but the stone, which he had been afflicted with some time, had already made such inroads on his constitution, that he was unable to communicate or receive from his friends that pleasure which his company afforded, except at times, and in a very partial manner. It is supposed that he injured his health by the application of quack medicines, and often experienced the most violent torments from the severity of his disorder.

disorder. At Christmas 1778, he went to visit Lord Spencer at Althorp in Northamptonshire, during the holidays. He there was taken ill; but recovered so far that he was removed to town, where growing worse, he died in a few days afterwards, at his house in the Adelphi, on the 20th day of January, 1779, at the age of 63 years; leaving behind him the character of a friendly, humane, charitable, and (notwithstanding many idle reports, we may add) liberal man; one who felt for distress, and relieved it; a chearful companion, a pleasing writer, and the first actor of this or any other age.

A LIST of the CHARACTERS performed
by Mr. GARRICK, chronologically ar-
ranged.

1741	1	<i>Richard III.</i>	In King Richard III.
	2	<i>Clodio,</i>	Love makes a Man.
	3	<i>Chamont,</i>	Orphan.
	4	<i>Jack Smatter,</i>	Pamela.
	5	<i>Sharp,</i>	Lying Valet.
	6	<i>Lothario,</i>	Fair Penitent.
	7	<i>Ghost,</i>	Hamlet.
1742	8	<i>Fondlewife,</i>	Old Batchelor.
	9	<i>Costar Pearman,</i>	The Recruiting Officer.
	10	<i>Aboan,</i>	Oroonoko.
	11	<i>Witwou'd,</i>	The Way of the World.
	12	<i>Bayes,</i>	The Rehearsal.
	13	<i>Master Johnny,</i>	The School Boy.
	14	<i>King Lear,</i>	King Lear.
	15	<i>Lord Foppington,</i>	The Careless Husband.
	16	<i>Captain Duretete</i>	The Inconstant.
	17	<i>Pierre,</i>	Venice Preserved.
	18	<i>Captain Brazen,</i>	The Recruiting Officer.
	19	<i>Captain Plume,</i>	The Recruiting Officer.
	20	<i>Hamlet.</i>	Hamlet.
	21	<i>Archer,</i>	The Stratagem.
1743	22	<i>Millamour,</i>	The Wedding Day.
	23	<i>Lord Hastings,</i>	Jane Shore.
	24	<i>Sir Harry Wild-</i> <i>air,</i>	Constant Couple.
	25	<i>Abel Drugger,</i>	The Alchymist.
1744	26	<i>Macbeth,</i>	Macbeth.
	27	<i>Regulus,</i>	Regulus.

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|---------|------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 28 | <i>Lord Townly,</i> | The Provoked Husband. |
| 29 | <i>Biron,</i> | The Fatal Marriage. |
| 30 | <i>Zaphna,</i> | Mahomet. |
| 31 | <i>Sir John Brute,</i> | The Provoked Wife. |
| 32 | <i>Scrub,</i> | The Stratagem. |
| 1745 33 | <i>King John,</i> | King John. |
| 34 | <i>Othello,</i> | Othello. |
| 35 | <i>Tancred,</i> | Tancred and Sigismunda. |
| 1746 36 | <i>Hotspur,</i> | King Henry IV. |
| 1747 37 | <i>Fribble,</i> | Miss in her Teens. |
| 38 | <i>Ranger,</i> | The Suspicious Husband. |
| 39 | <i>Chorus,</i> | King Henry V. |
| 1748 40 | <i>Jaffier,</i> | Venice preserved. |
| 41 | <i>Young Belmont,</i> | The Foundling. |
| 42 | <i>Benedick,</i> | Much ado about No-
thing. |
| 1749 43 | <i>Poet,</i> | } Lethe. |
| 44 | <i>Drunken Man,</i> | |
| 45 | <i>Frenchman,</i> | |
| 46 | <i>Demetrius</i> | Irene. |
| 47 | <i>Iago,</i> | Othello. |
| 48 | <i>Dorilas,</i> | Merope. |
| 1750 49 | <i>Prince Edward,</i> | Edward the Black Prince. |
| 50 | <i>Horatius,</i> | The Roman Father. |
| 51 | <i>Romeo,</i> | Romeo and Juliet. |
| 52 | <i>Osmyn,</i> | The Mourning Bride. |
| 1751 53 | <i>Gil Blas.</i> | Gil Blas, |
| 54 | <i>Alfred,</i> | Alfred. |
| 55 | <i>Kitely,</i> | Every Man in his Hu-
mour. |
| 1752 56 | <i>Mercour,</i> | Eugenia. |
| 57 | <i>Loveless,</i> | Love's last Shift. |
| 1753 58 | <i>Beverley,</i> | The Gamester. |
| 59 | <i>Demetrius,</i> | The Brothers. |
| | | 60 <i>Dumnorix,</i> |

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|---------|-------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 60 | <i>Dumnorix,</i> | Boadicea. |
| 1754 61 | <i>Bastard,</i> | King John. |
| 62 | <i>Virginus,</i> | Virginia. |
| 63 | <i>Lusignan,</i> | Zara. |
| 64 | <i>Aletes,</i> | Creusa. |
| 65 | <i>Don John,</i> | The Chances. |
| 66 | <i>Achmet,</i> | Barbarossa. |
| 1755 67 | <i>Don Carlos,</i> | The Mistake. |
| 1756 68 | <i>Leontes,</i> | The Winter's Tale. |
| 69 | <i>Athelstan,</i> | Athelstan. |
| 70 | <i>Leon,</i> | Rule a wife and have a
Wife. |
| 71 | <i>Lord Chalkstone,</i> | Lethe. |
| 72 | <i>Don Felix,</i> | The Wonder. |
| 1757 73 | <i>Wilding,</i> | The Gamesters. |
| 1758 74 | <i>Lysander,</i> | Agis. |
| 75 | <i>King Henry IV.</i> | King Henry IV. Part II. |
| 76 | <i>Pamphlet,</i> | The Upholsterer. |
| 77 | <i>Marplot,</i> | The Busy Body. |
| 1759 78 | <i>Heartley,</i> | The Guardian. |
| 79 | <i>Periander,</i> | Eurydice. |
| 80 | <i>Mark Anthony,</i> | Antony and Cleopatra. |
| 81 | <i>Zamti,</i> | The Orphan of China. |
| 82 | <i>Oroonoko,</i> | Oroonoko. |
| 1760 83 | <i>Love-more,</i> | The Way to keep Him. |
| 84 | <i>Æmilius,</i> | The siege of Aquileia. |
| 85 | <i>Sir Harry Gub-</i> | The Tender Husband. |
| | <i>bin,</i> | |
| 1761 86 | <i>Oakley,</i> | The Jealous Wife. |
| 87 | <i>Mercutio,</i> | Romeo and Juliet. |
| 88 | <i>Posthumus,</i> | Cymbeline. |
| 1762 89 | <i>Sir John Dori-</i> | |
| | <i>lant,</i> | The School for Lovers. |
| 90 | <i>Farmer,</i> | The Farmer's Return. |
| | | 91 <i>Alonzo,</i> |

- 1763 91 *Alonzo*, Elvira.
 92 *Sir Antony Bram-*
 ville, The Discovery.
 93 *Sciolto*, The Fair Penitent.
 1769 94 *Ode*, on dedicating a Building &c. to
 Shakespeare.

N. B. It has been said that *Orestes*, *Sir Francis Wronghead*, *Doctor Caius*, and the *Mock Doctor*, had been also performed by Mr. Garrick; but as the London Play bills afford no authority for such information, the names of these Characters are not inserted in the foregoing Catalogue.

A LIST of Mr. GARRICK'S DRAMATIC
WORKS, chronologically arranged.

(1) *Lethe, or Æsop in the Shades*, Farce, acted at Drury-lane, 1740; afterwards much altered and enlarged, and acted at the same Theatre, 1749, 8vo.

(2) *The Lying Valet*, Farce, acted at Goodman's Fields, 1741, 8vo.

(3) *Miss in her Teens, or, A Medley of Lovers*, Farce, acted at Covent-garden, 1747, 8vo.

(4) *Romeo and Juliet*, Tragedy, altered from Shakespeare, acted at Drury-lane, 1750, 12mo.

(5) *Every Man in his Humour*, Comedy, altered from Ben Jonson, acted at Drury-lane, 1751, 8vo.

(6) *The Fairies*, Opera, altered from Shakespeare, acted at Drury-lane, 1755, 8vo.

(7) *The Tempest*, Opera, altered from Shakespeare, acted at Drury-lane, 1756, 8vo.

(8) *Florizel and Perdita*, a Dramatic Piece, altered from Shakespeare, acted at Drury-lane, 1756. Printed 8vo 1758.

(9) Catherine and Petruchio, Farce, altered from Shakespeare, acted at Drury-lane, 1756, 8vo.

(10) Lilliput, Dramatic entertainment, acted at Drury-lane, 1757, 8vo.

(11) The Male Coquet, or Seventeen Hundred and Fifty-seven, Farce, acted at Drury-lane, 1757, 8vo.

(12) The Gamesters, Comedy, altered from Shirley, acted at Drury-lane, 1758, 8vo.

(13) Isabella, or, The Fatal Marriage, Tragedy, altered from Southerne, acted at Drury-lane, 1758, 8vo.

(14) The Guardian, Comedy of Two Acts, acted at Drury-lane, 1758, 8vo.

(15) The Enchanter, or Love and Magic, Musical Drama, acted at Drury-lane, 1760, 8vo.

(16) Harlequin's Invasion, Pantomime, acted at Drury-lane, 1761. Not printed.

(17) Cymbeline, Tragedy, altered from Shakespeare, acted at Drury-lane, 1761, 12mo.

(18) The Farmer's Return from London, Interlude, acted at Drury-lane, 1762, 4to.

(19) The Clandestine Marriage, Comedy, by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Colman, acted at Drury-lane, 1766, 8vo.

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(20) The

(20) The Country Girl, Comedy, altered from Wycherly, acted at Drury-lane, 1766, 8vo.

(21) Neck or Nothing, Farce, acted at Drury-lane, 1766, 8vo.

(22) Cymon, Dramatic Romance, acted at Drury-lane, 1767, 8vo.

(23) A Peep behind the Curtain, or, The New Rehearful, Farce, acted at Drury-lane, 1767, 8vo.

(24) The Jubilee, Dramatic Entertainment, acted at Drury-lane, 1770. Not printed.

(25) King Arthur, or, The British Worthy, Tragedy, altered from Dryden, acted at Drury-lane, 1771, 8vo.

(26) Hamlet, Tragedy, altered from Shakespeare, acted at Drury-lane, 1771. Not printed.

(27) The Institution of the Order of the Garter, Dramatic Poem, acted at Drury-lane, 1771, 8vo.

(28) The Irish Widow, Comedy of Two Acts, performed at Drury-lane, 1772, 8vo.

(29) The Chances, Comedy, with alterations, acted at Drury-lane, 1773, 8vo.

(30) Albumazar, Comedy, with alterations, acted at Drury-lane, 1773, 8vo.

(31) Alfred

(31) Alfred, Tragedy, altered from Mallet, acted at Drury-lane, 1773, 8vo.

(32) A Christmas Tale, in five parts, acted at Drury-lane, 1774, 8vo.

(33) The Meeting of the Company, Prelude, acted at Drury-lane, 1774. Not printed.

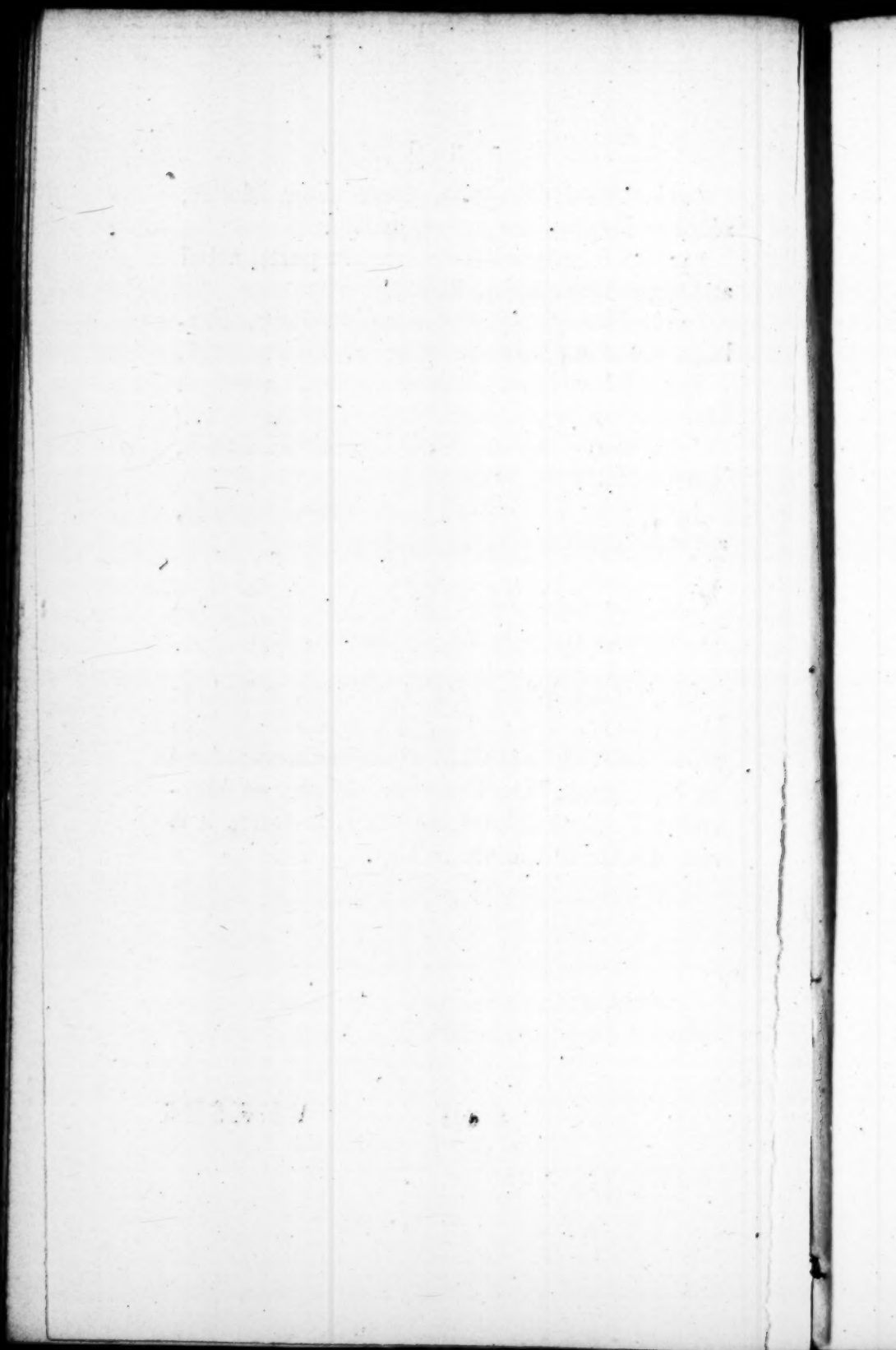
(34) May Day, Ballad Opera, acted at Drury-lane, 1775, 8vo.

(35) Bon Ton, or High Life above Stairs, Two Acts, 1775, 8vo.

(36) The Theatrical Candidates, Prelude, acted at Drury-lane, 1775, 8vo.

He also made some Alterations in Rule a Wife and have a Wife, Mahomet, &c.

High Life below Stairs, Farce, acted at Drury-lane, 1759, 8vo, has been ascribed to him; but as it was claimed and acknowledged by his friend, Mr. Townley, Master of Merchant Taylors School, in his Life-time, it is not inserted in the above List.



V E R S E S

To the MEMORY of

Mr. G A R R I C K.

SPOKEN AS

A M O N O D Y,

By Mrs. Y A T E S,

A T

The Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.



V E R S E S, &c.

I F dying excellence deserves a tear,
 If fond remembrance still is cherish'd here,
 Can we persist to bid your sorrows flow
 For fabled sufferers and delusive woe?
 Or with quaint smiles dismiss the plaintive
 strain,
 Point the quick jest—indulge the comic vein—
 Ere yet to buried Roscius we assign
 One kind regret—one tributary line!

His fame requires we act a tenderer part:
 His memory claims the tear you gave his art!

The general voice, the meed of mournful
 verse,
 The splendid sorrows that adorn'd his hearse,
 The throng that mourn'd as their dead favourite
 pass'd,
 The grac'd respect that claim'd him to the last,
 d 4 While

While Shakespeare's image from its hallow'd
 base,
 Seem'd to prescribe the grave, and point the
 place,
 Nor these, nor all the sad regrets that flow
 From fond fidelity's domestic woe,
 So much are Garrick's praise---so much his
 due,
 As on this spot---one tear bestow'd by you.

Amid the arts which seek ingenuous fame,
 Our toil attempts the most precarious claim!
 To him, whose mimic pencil wins the prize,
 Obedient fame immortal wreaths supplies:
 Whate'er of wonder Reynolds now may raise,
 Raphael still boasts cotemporary praise:
 Each dazzling light and gaudier bloom subdu'd,
 With undiminish'd awe his works are view'd:
 E'en beauty's portrait wears a softer prime,
 Touch'd by the tender hand of mellowing
 time.

The patient sculptor owns an humbler part,
 A ruder toil, and more mechanic art:
 Content with slow and timorous stroke to trace
 The lingering line, and mould the tardy grace:
 But

But once achiev'd, tho' barbarous wreck o'er-
throw

The sacred fane, and lay its glories low,
Yet shall the sculptur'd ruin rise to day,
Grac'd by defect, and worship'd in decay;
Th' enduring record bears the artist's name,
Demands his honours, and asserts his fame.

Superior hopes the Poet's bosom fire,
O proud distinction of the sacred lyre!
Wide as th' inspiring Phœbus darts his ray,
Diffusive splendor gilds his votary's lay.
Whether the song heroic woes rehearse,
With epic grandeur, and the pomp of verse;
Or, fondly gay, with unambitious guile
Attempt no prize but favouring beauty's smile;
Or bear dejected to the lonely grove
The soft despair of unprevailing love;
Whate'er the theme, thro' ev'ry age and clime
Congenial passions meet the according rhyme;
The pride of glory, pity's sigh sincere,
Youth's earliest blush, and beauty's virgin tear.

Such is their meed---their honours thus se-
cure,
Whose arts yield objects, and whose works
endure.

The

The Actor only, shrinks from time's award;
Feeble tradition is his memory's guard;
By whose faint breath his merits must abide,
Unvouch'd by proof, to substance unallied!
Ev'n matchless Garrick's art to heav'n resign'd,
No fix'd effect, no model leaves behind.

The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as Nature to the varied scene;
Th' expressive glance, whose subtle comment
draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling
fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought;
Harmonious speech, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a musick, scarce confess'd its own;
As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloath'd with orient hues, transcends the
day!
Passion's wild break, and frown that awes the
sense,
And ev'ry charm of gentler eloquence,
All perishable!----like th' electric fire
But strike the frame, and as they strike, expire;
Incense too pure a bodied flame to bear,
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with
air.

Where

Where then, while sunk in cold decay he lies,
And pale eclipse for ever veils those eyes !
Where is the blest memorial that ensures
Our Garrick's fame ?---whose is the trust ?---
'tis yours.

And O ! by ev'ry charm his art essay'd
To sooth your cares ! by ev'ry grief allay'd !
By the hush'd wonder which his accents drew !
By his last parting tear, repaid by you !
By all those thoughts, which many a distant
night
Shall mark his memory with a sad delight !
Still in your heart's dear record bear his name,
Cherish the keen regret that lifts his fame ;
To you it is bequeath'd, assert the trust,
And to his worth---'tis all you can---be just.

What more is due from sanctifying time,
To chearful wit, and many a favor'd rhyme,
O'er his grac'd urn shall bloom, a deathless
wreath,
Whose blossom'd sweets shall deck the mask
beneath.
For these, when sculpture's votive toil shall
rear

The due memorial of a loss so dear !

O loveiest

O loveliest mourner, gentle muse ! be thine
 The pleasing woe to guard the laurel'd shrine.
 As Fancy, oft by superstition led
 To roam the mansions of the fainted dead,
 Has view'd, by shadowy eve's unfaithful gloom,
 A weeping cherub on a martyr's tomb ;
 So thou, sweet Muse, hang o'er his sculptur'd
 bier,
 With patient woe, that loves the lingering tear ;
 With thoughts that mourn, nor yet desire re-
 lief,
 With meek regret, and fond enduring grief ;
 With looks that speak---he never shall return !
 Chilling thy tender bosom, clasp his urn ;
 And with soft sighs disperse th' irreverend dust,
 Which Time may strew upon his sacred bust.

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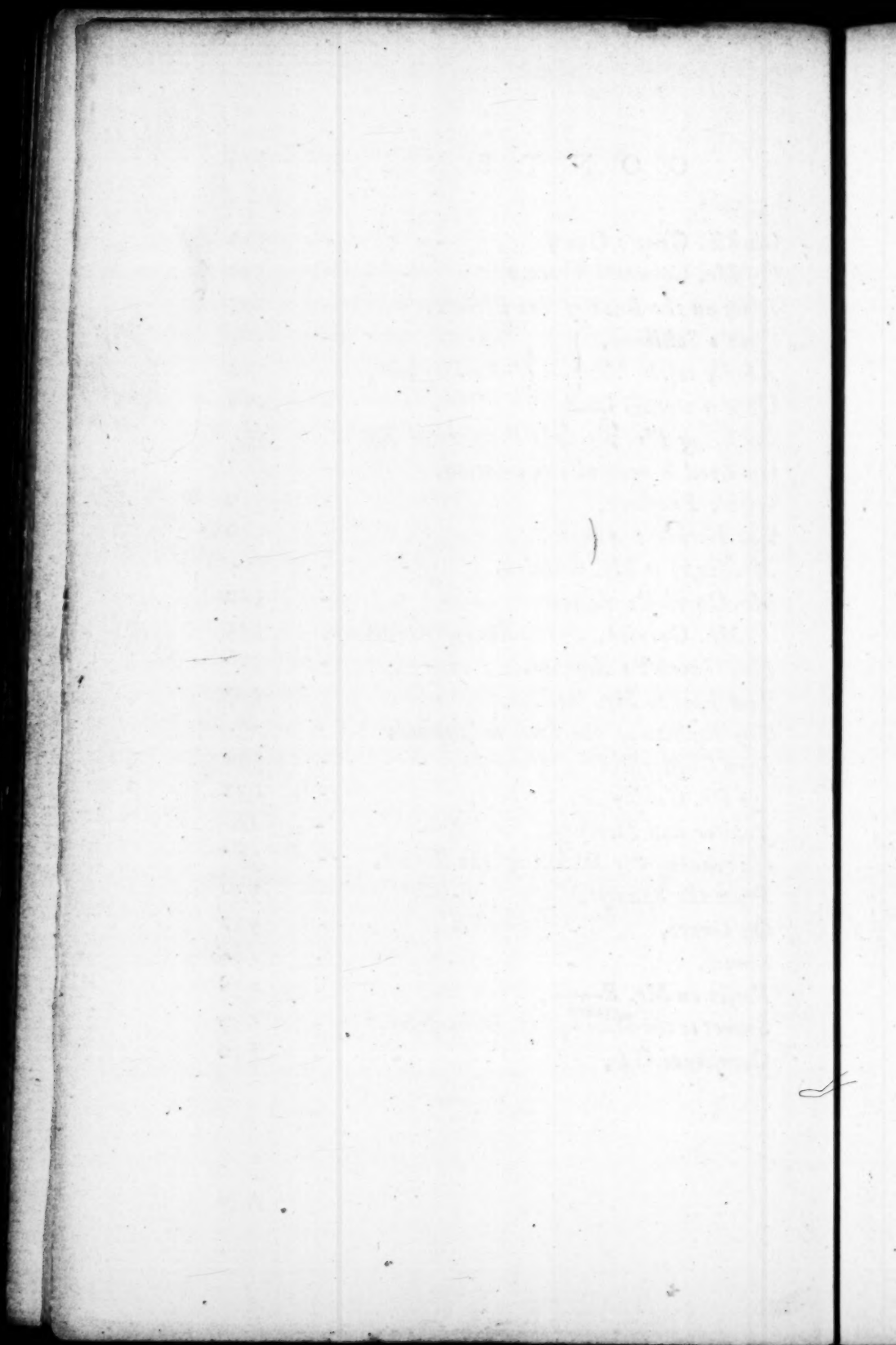
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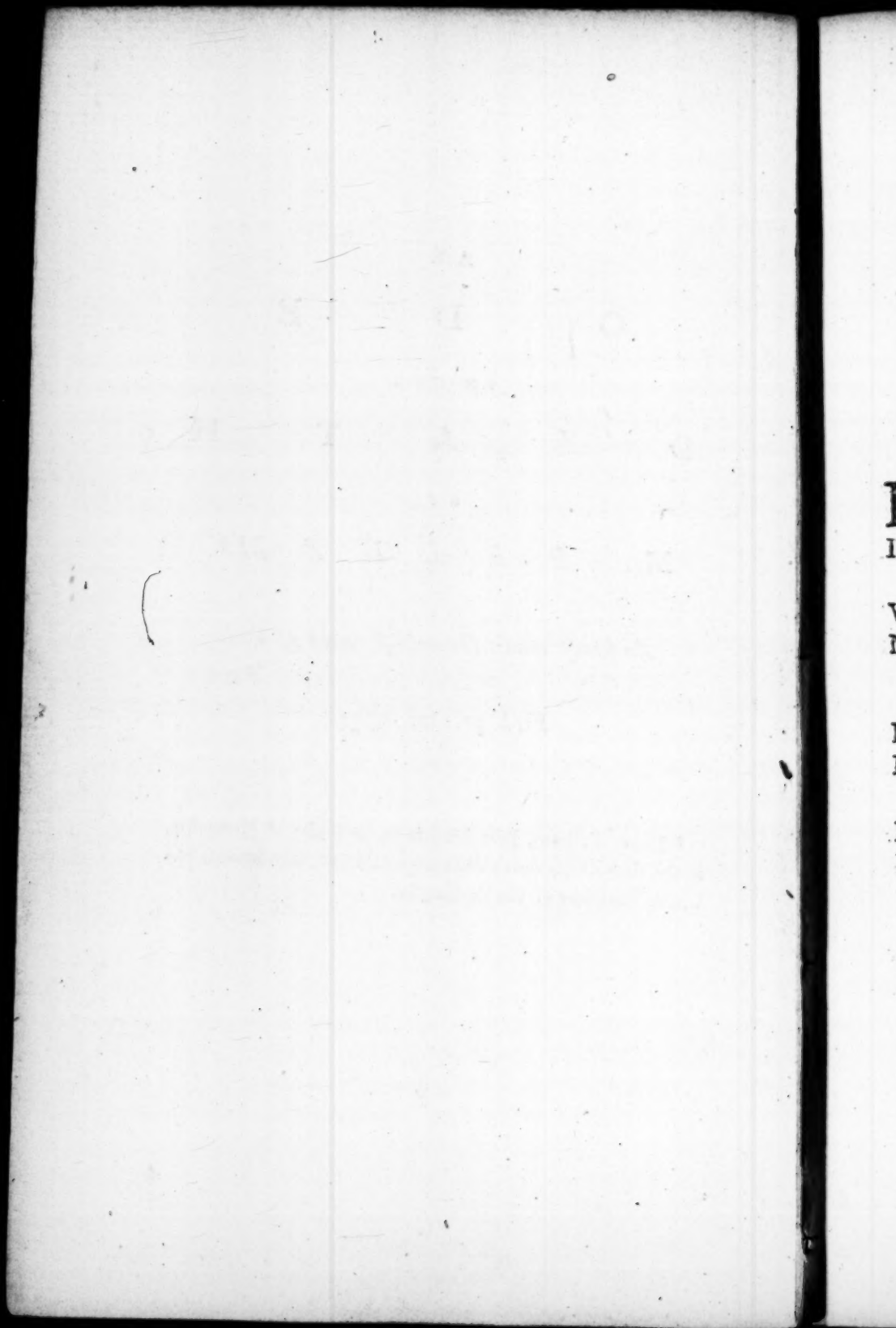
AN
O D E
ON THE
D E A T H
OF
Mr. P E L H A M*.

An honest man's the noblest work of God.

POPE.

First printed 1754.

* Henry Pelham, Esq; brother to the Duke of Newcastle,
at the time of his death First Commissioner, Chancellor, and
Under Treasurer of the Exchequer.



(3)

O D E
ON THE
D E A T H
O F

Mr. P E L H A M.

LET others hail the *rising* sun,
I bow to that whose course is run,
Which sets in endless night ;
Whose rays benignant blest'd this isle,
Made peaceful nature round us smile
With calm, but chearful light.

No bounty past provokes my praise,
No future prospects prompt my lays,
From real grief they flow ;
I catch th' alarm from *Britain's* fears,
My sorrows fall with *Britain's* tears,
And join a nation's woe.

See—as you pass the crowded street,
Despondence clouds each face you meet,
All their lost friend deplore :
You read in ev'ry pensive eye,
You hear in ev'ry broken sigh,
That PELHAM is no more !

4 ODE ON THE DEATH OF

If thus each *Briton* be alarm'd,
Whom but his distant influence warm'd,
What grief their breasts must rend!
Who in his private virtues bless'd,
By nature's dearest ties possess'd
The HUSBAND, FATHER, FRIEND!

What! mute ye bards?—no mournful verse,
No chaplets to adorn his hearse,
To crown the good and just?
Your flow'rs in warmer regions bloom,
You seek no pensions from the tomb,
No laurels from the dust.

When pow'r departed with his breath,
The fons of flatt'ry fled from death:
Such insects swarm at noon.
Not for herself my muse is griev'd,
She never ask'd, nor e'er receiv'd,
One ministerial boon.

Hath some peculiar strange offence,
Against us arm'd Omnipotence,
To check the nation's pride?
Behold th' appointed punishment!
At length the vengeful bolt is sent,
It fell when PELHAM dy'd!

Uncheck'd by shame, unaw'd by dread,
When vice triumphant rears her head,
Vengeance can sleep no more;

The

The *evil* angel stalks at large,
The *good* submits, resigns his charge,
And quits th' unhallow'd shore.

The same sad morn * to Church and State
(So for our sins 'twas fix'd by fate)
A double stroke was giv'n ;
Black as the whirlwinds of the north,
St. John's fell genius issu'd forth,
And PELHAM fled to heav'n !

By angels watch'd in *Eden's* bow'rs,
Our parents pass'd their peaceful hours,
Nor guilt nor pain they knew ;
But on the day which usher'd in
The *hell-born train* of mortal sin,
The heav'nly guards withdrew.

Look down, *much-honor'd Shade*, below !
Still let thy pity aid our woe ;
Stretch out thy healing hand :
Resume those feelings, which on earth
Proclaim'd thy patriot love and worth,
And sav'd a sinking land.

Search, with thy more than mortal eye,
The breasts of all thy friends: descry
What *there* has got possession.

* The 6th of *March*, 1754, was remarkable for the publication of the Works of a late Lord, and the death of Mr. Pelham.

6 ODE ON THE DEATH OF

See if thy unsuspecting heart,
In some for truth mistook not art,
For principle, profession.

From these, the pests of human kind,
Whom royal bounty cannot bind,
Protect our parent King :
Unmask their treach'ry to his sight,
Drag forth the vipers into light,
And crush them ere they sting.

If such his trust and honors share,
Again exert thy guardian care,
Each venom'd heart disclose :
On *Him*, on *Him*, our all depends,
Oh save him from his treach'rous friends,
He cannot fear his foes.

Whoe'er shall at the helm preside,
Still let thy prudence be his guide,
To stem the troubled wave ;
But chiefly whisper in his ear,
" That GEORGE is open, just, sincere,
" And dares to scorn a knave."

No selfish views t' oppress mankind,
No mad ambition fir'd thy mind,
To purchase fame with blood ;
Thy bosom glow'd with purer heat ;
Convinc'd that to be truly great,
Is only to be *good*.

To

To hear no lawless passion's call,
To serve thy King, yet feel for all,
Such was thy glorious plan!
Wisdom with gen'rous love took part,
Together work'd thy head and heart,
The *Minister* and *Man*.

Unite, ye kindred sons of worth;
Strangle bold *faſſion* in its birth;
Be *Britain's* weal your view!
For this great end let all combine,
Let virtue link each fair design,
And PELHAM live in you.

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ADVERTISING

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TO the SECOND EDITION.

The Author of the foregoing ODE has heard with pleasure that what he had written from his concern for the death of a good and great man has been favourably received. He is not vain enough to think that the Poem has any merit but what results from the truth and mere feeling of the subject-matter. — In this edition he has altered some Stanzas which were too hastily published in the first, and hopes he has now made it more worthy of his Readers.

ADVERTISING

For the purpose of advertising

The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the membership of the Association since the last meeting. The names are given in alphabetical order. The names of the persons who have been admitted to the membership of the Association since the last meeting are given in alphabetical order. The names of the persons who have been admitted to the membership of the Association since the last meeting are given in alphabetical order.

T H E
F R I B B L E R I A D.

Fæmina, Vir, Neutrum.

PUL. in HERMOPH.

First printed in the Year 1761.

THE
HILBERTS

London, W. H. & Co.
Printed in England.

This volume is the first of a series.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

BE it known unto you, gentle or ungente reader, that the author of the following poem is a volunteer in the service, or rather a poetical knight-errant, who, according to the oath taken at the late installation, is *exhortea and admonished* (by Apollo to be sure) *to use his sword in defence of all equity and justice to the utmost of his power*. His brother Quixote, of immortal memory, tried his prowess upon Sheep and Windmills—Our champion does the very same; and calls forth to the field an *unknown* knight, who has the formidable X, Y, Z, in his train.—And, that he may not be thought to engage with too great odds on his side, he opposes to them his own *three trusty squires*, A, B, C, who are resolved to stand by him, and fight all the weapons through, from Epic Poetry to Epigram, as long as there is a letter left standing in the English alphabet—and now, Mr. Churchill may know, that there is

—A Quixote of the age will dare,

To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air.

When the aforesaid *unknown* knight shall please to appear with his *beaver up*, he may expect that our adventurer will shew *his face* too.—In the mean

mean time, we will divert him in our turn with a little *busb*-fighting, which he has been endeavouring to entertain the town with for more than a twelvemonth past.

It is therefore proper to inform thee, reader, for as yet perhaps thou hast not heard of it, that there is a certain weekly paper, called the Craftsman, still existing, if it may be called existence to crawl about from week to week, and be kept alive by those last resources of hungry ingenuity, falsehood and defamation. In this said paper, a certain gentleman, who subscribes himself X, Y, Z, a volunteer too in the service, has thrown about his dirt in a most extraordinary manner, and has attacked our Stage Hero, with unwearied malevolence, both in his public and private character; but, indeed, his rancour being too much for his wit, he has let his heart indulge itself at the expence of his head, and has most imprudently made assertions, in the bitterness of his spirit, which can be contradicted by every attender upon the theatre.—It would be endless, and out of place here, to point out his want of taste, and even common truth, in his account of the manner of Mr. Garrick's speaking and acting in his various characters; of his most ungentleman-like, as well as unjust, abuse of his person, voice, age, &c. &c. &c.; for there is no kind of meanness, as Montaigne well observes, that a true malignant spirit will not descend to.—To give one instance
among

among a thousand of his upright intentions— This worthy gentleman, Mr. X, Y, Z, not content with exposing his impotent malice weekly to the publick, was at the pains and expence to collect his papers into one volume *, and even send them to some of Mr. Garrick's friends, lest the obscurity and disreputation of the paper, in which they first made their appearance, should have kept his malice totally a secret—The Reviewers gave their sentiments of this curious collection, in the following manner—

“ These are the overflowings of spleen, ignorance, conceit, and disappointment.” *Crit. Rev. Jan. 1761.*

“ The design of publishing these *important* pieces of criticism, is, to prevent the *sad misfortune* of their sinking into oblivion with a last year's news-paper. If we believe the author, all the praises that have hitherto been given to Mr. Garrick, as an actor, are so entirely without foundation, that “ he never did, nor never could, speak ten successive lines of Shakespeare with grammatical propriety.” This is an assertion so contrary to the opinion of many better critics than this author shews himself to be, and in reality so oppo-

* The title of which was “ An enquiry into the real merit of a certain popular Performer; in a Series of Letters, first published in the Craftsman, or Gray's Inn Journal, with an Introduction to David Garrick, Esq.” 8vo.

five

site to truth, that it is alone sufficient to invalidate all his reasonings upon the subject." *Monthly Rev.* Dec. 1760.

It would take up too much time at present, to exhibit our hero X, Y, Z, in all his proper colours: we shall leave that task to a much abler hand, who will very soon more fully detect and expose him and his designs *.—But to return to our poem—

It may properly be called an *Iliad* in a *nut-shell*; for, though it does not consist of many
more

* This was soon after executed in the following severe character, drawn by Mr. Churchill, of the hero of this poem, first inserted in the eighth edition of *THE ROSCIAD*.

“With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship’s mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward’s spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which

more than four hundred lines, it contains all the
essential epic properties---the plan, sentiments,
character,

Which keeps this maxim ever in her view---
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,
A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on; to ascertain whose sex,
Twelve sage impanell'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in his gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful *it* seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did *it* talk, in *its* own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of time, of players and plays;
Much too of writings which *itself* had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note,
For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what *it* wrote, none but *itself* should read;
Much too it chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, *it* smirk'd, *it* wriggled to the chair;

C

And,

character, diction, moral, metre, and even the heroes themselves, all in miniature.

The following epigram, printed in the Ledger, was the corner-stone of the whole, and furnished us with ideas of the redoubted Fitzgig, the Achilles of the Fribbleriad—

To X, Y, Z.

Inded most severely poor Garrick you handle,
Not bigots damn more with their bell, book, and
candle;

Though you with the town about him disagree,
He joins with the town in their judgment of thee :

And, with an aukward briskness not his own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense, appear'd; by Nature there
Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair.
The Pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To *its* first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhimes,
Fond pleasing thought ! to live in after-times)
With such a trisler's name her pages blot:
Known be the character, the thing forgot;
Let *it*, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name !”

So dainty, so devilish, is all that you scribble,
 Not a soul but can see 'tis the spite of a Fribble;
 And all will expect you, when forth you shall
 come,
 With a *round smirking face*, and a *jut with your*
 bum.

If X, Y, Z, is really such a thing as here represented, he is most welcome to the honour we have done him; if he is *not*, he may thank his own malignant disposition, that made it natural to suppose, that such poor spite could proceed from no one, who was not, in his person, manners, mind, and heart, an arrant FRIBBLE.

THE FRIBBLER IAD.

WHO is the Scribbler, X, Y, Z,
 Who still writes on, though little read?
 Whose falsehood, malice, envy, spite,
 So often grin, yet seldom bite?
 Say, Garrick, does he write for bread, 5
 This *friend* of yours, this X, Y, Z?
 For pleasure sure, not bread—'twere vain
 To write for that he ne'er could gain:
 No calls of nature to excuse him,
 He deals in rancour to amuse him; 10
 A *man*, it seems—'tis hard to say—
 A *woman* then?—a moment pray;—
 Unknown as yet by sex or feature,
 Suppose we try to guess the creature;
 Whether a *wit*, or a *pretender*? 15
 Of *masculine* or *female* gender?

Some things it does may pass for either,
 And some it does belong to neither:
 It is so fibbing, flandering, spiteful,
 In phrase so dainty, so delightful; 20
 So fond of all it reads add writes,
 So waggish when the maggot bites;
 Such spleen, such wickedness, and whim,
 It must be *woman*, and a *brim*.

22 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

But then the learning and the Latin ! 25
 The ends of Horace come so pat in,
 And, wanting wit, it makes such shift
 To fill up gaps with Pope and Swift,
 As cunning housewives bait their traps,
 And take their game with bits and scraps ; 30
 For playhouse critics, keen as mice,
 Are ever greedy, ever nice ;
 And rank abuse, like toasted cheese,
 Will catch as many as you please.
 In short, 'tis easily discerning, 35
 By here and there a patch of learning,
 The creature's *male* — say all we can,
 It must be something *like* a man —
 What, like a man, from day to shrink,
 And seek revenge with pen and ink ? 40
 On mischief bent, his name conceal,
 And like a toad in secret steal,
 There swell with venom inward pent,
 Till out he crawls to give it vent.
 Hate join'd with *fear* will shun the light, 45
 But *bate* and *manhood* fairly fight—
 'Tis manhood's mark to face the foe,
 And not in ambush give the blow ;
 The savage thus, less man than beast,
 Upon his foe will fall and feast, 50
 From bush, or hole, his arrows send,
 To wound his prey, then tear and rend ;
 For fear and hatred in conjunction
 Make wretches, that feel no compunction.

With

THE FRIBBLERIAD. 23

With colours flying, beat of drum, 55

Unlike to this, see Churchill come!

And now like Hercules he stands,

Unmask'd his face, but arm'd his hands;

Alike prepar'd to *write* or *drub*!

This holds a *pen* and that a *club*! 60

A club! which nerves like his can wield,

And form'd, a wit like his to shield.

"Mine is the Rosciad, mine, he cries;

Who says 'tis not, I say, he lies.

To falsehood and to fear a stranger, 65

Not one shall fear my fame or danger;

Let those who write with fear or shame,

Those Craftsmen scribblers, hide their name!

My name is Churchill!"---Thus he spoke,

And thrice he wav'd his knotted oak: 70

That done, he paus'd---prepar'd the blow,

Impartial bard! for friend and foe.

If such are manhood's feats and plan,

Poor X, Y, Z, will prove no *man*.

Nor male? nor female?---then on oath 75

We safely may pronounce it *both*.

What! of that wriggling, fribbling race,

The curse of nature, and disgrace?

That mixture base, with fiends set forth,

To taint and vilify all worth— 80

Whose rancour knows nor bounds nor measure,

Feels every passion, tastes no pleasure;

The want of power, all peace destroying,

For ever wishing, ne'er enjoying—

24 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

So smiling, smirking, soft in feature, 85
 You'd swear it was the gentlest creature—
 But touch its pride, the *lady-fellow*,
 From sickly pale, turns deadly yellow—
Male, female, vanish—fiends appear—
 And all is malice, rage, and fear! 90

What in the heart breeds all this evil,
 Makes man on earth a very devil?
 Corrupts the mind, and tortures sense?
Malignity with impotence.

Say, Gossip Muse, who lov'd to prattle,
 And fill the town with tittle-tattle,
 To tell a secret such a bliss is!
 Say for what cause these Master-Misses
 To Garrick such a hatred bore, 100
 That long they wish'd to pinch him fore;
 To bind the monster hand and foot,
 Like Gulliver in Lilliput,
 With birchin twigs to flea his skin,
 And each to stick him with a pin?—
 Are things so delicate, so fell! 105
 Can Cherubims be imps of hell?
 Tell us how spite a scheme begot,
 Who laid the eggs, who hatch'd the plot:
 O sing in namby-pamby feet,
 Like to the subject, tripping neat; 110
 Snatch every grace that fancy reaches;
 Relate their passions, plottings, speeches;
 You, when their PANFRIBBLERIUM sat,
 Saw them conven'd, and heard their chat:

Saw

THE FRIBBLERIAD. 25

Saw all their wriggling, fuming, fretting, 115

Their nodding, friking, and curvetting ;

Each minute saw their rage grow stronger,

Till the dear *things* could hold no longer ;

But out burst forth the dreadful vow,

TO DO A DEED !—*but when?* and *how?* 120

And *where?*—O Muse, thy lyre new-string,

The *how*, the *where*, the *when* to sing !

Say in what sign the sun had enter'd,

When these sweet souls on plotting ventur'd—

'Twas when the balmy breath of May 125

Makes tender lambkins sport and play ;

When tenderer fribbles, walk, and dare,

To gather nosegays in the air—

'Twas at that time of all the year

When flowers and butterflies appear, 130

When brooding warmth on nature lies,

And circulates the blood of flies—

Then Fribbles were with Fribbles leaguings,

And met for plotting and intriguing.

There is a place, upon a hill, 135

Where cits of pleasure take their fill,

Where hautboys scream, and fiddles squeak,

To sweat the *ditto* once a week ;

Where joy of late unmix'd with noise

Of romping girls and drunken boys ; 140

Where decency, sweet maid, appear'd,

And in her hand brought Johnny Beard ;

'Twas *here*—(for public rooms are free)

They met to plot, and drink their tea.

Each

26 THE FRIBBLER IAD.

Each on a sattin stool was seated, 145
Which, nicely quilted, curtain'd, pleated,
Did all their various skill display :

Each work'd his own, to grace the day—
Above the rest, and set apart,
A chair was plac'd ; where curious art 150
With lace and fringe to honour meant
Him, they should chuse their President.

No longer now the kettle fimmers,
The smoke ascends, or cotton glimmers ;
The tea was done, the cups revers'd ; 155
Lord TRIP began—" May I be curs'd ;

" May this right hand grow brown and speckled,
" This nose be pimpled, face be freckled,
" May my sick monkey ne'er get up ;
" May my sweet Dido die in pup, 160

" Nay may I meet a worse disaster,
" My finger cut, and have no plaister—
" No cordial drops when dead with vapour,
" Be taken short and have no paper—

" If I don't feel your wrongs and shame, 165
" With such a zeal for FRIBBLE fame—
" So much my heart for vengeance thumps,
" You see it raging through my jumps"—

Then, opening wide his milk-white vest,
They saw it fluttering in its nest. 170

Some felt his heart, and some propose
Their drops—his lordship to compose—
The perturbation, all agree,
Was partly fidgets, partly tea.

While

THE FRIBBLERIAD.

27

While some the drops, some water get, 175

Sir COCK-A-DOODLE, Baronet,

Arose—" Let not this accident

" The business of the day prevent!

" That lord's my friend, my near relation,

" But what's one lord to all our nation? 180

" Friendship to patriot eyes looks small,

" And COCK-A-DOODLE feels for all.

" Shall one, though great, encrease your care,

" While still unhonour'd stands that chair?

" Might I presume to name a *creter*, 185

" Form'd for the place by art and *nater*;

" I would a dainty Wit propose

" To serve our friends, destroy our foes:

" To fill the *chair* so nicely fit,

" His pride and passion match his wit; 190

" His wit has so much power and might,

" It yields to nothing but his spite—

" For wit may have its ebbs and flows,

" But malice no abatement knows."

Propose! they cried, we trust in you— 195

Name him, Sir COCK-A-DOODLE—do—

" Would you have one can joke and scribble?

" Whose heart and very soul is FRIBBLE—

" Would you have one can smile, be civil,

" Yet all within a very devil— 200

" Lay pretty schemes, like cobwebs spin 'em,

" To catch your hated foe within 'em,

" Let him a thousand times break thro 'em,

" Th' *ingenious creter* shall renew 'em—

IF

28 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

" If mischief is your wish and plan, 205
 " Let * FIZGIG, FIZGIG, be the man!
 " What say you?—Brethren! shall it be?
 " Has he your voice?"——All cry'd, *ouy, ouy.*
 At which, ONE larger than the rest
 With visage sleek, and swelling chest, 210
 With stretch'd-out fingers, and a thumb
 Stuck to his hips, and jutting bum,
 Rose up!—Ali knew his smirking air;
 They clap'd, and cry'd---the *chair*, the *chair*!
 He smil'd: and to the honour'd seat, 215
 Paddled away with mincing feet:
 So have I seen on dove-house top
 With cock'd-up tail, and swelling crop,
 A pouting pigeon waddling run,
 Shuffling, riggling, noddling on. 220
 Some minutes pass'd in forms and greeting,
 PHIL. WHIFFLE op'd the cause of meeting.
 " In forty-eight—I well remember—
 " Twelve years or more; the month November;
 " May we no more such misery know! 225
 " Since *Garrick* made OUR SEX a shew;
 " And gave us up to such rude laughter,
 " That few, 'twas said, could hold their water:
 " For He, that player, so mock'd our motions,
 " Our drefs, amusements, fancies, notions, 230

* Some say FITZGIG——The Reader may take his choice.

" So

THE FRIBBLERIAD. 29

" So lisp'd our words, and minc'd our steps,
 " He made us pass for *demi-reps*.
 " Though wisely then we laugh'd it off,
 " We'll now return his wicked scoff.
 " Genteel revenge is ever slow, 235
 " The dear Italians poison so.—
 " But how attack him? far, or near?
 " In front, my friends, or in the rear?"
 All started up at once to speak,
 As if they felt some sudden tweak: 240
 'Twas quick resentment caus'd the smart,
 And pierc'd them in the tenderest part.
 For these dear souls are like a spinnet,
 Which has both sharp and sweet within it:
 Press but the keys, up start the quills: 245
 And thus perk'd up these *Jack-my-Gills*.
 Each touching, brushing, as they rose,
 Together rustled all their cloaths.
 Thus, when all hush'd, at Handel's air,
 Sit, book in hand, the *British* fair, 250
 A sudden whiz the ear receives,
 When rustling, bustling, turn the leaves.
 In all the dignity of form,
 The chairman rose to hush the storm;
 To order call'd, and try'd to frown— 255
 As all got up, so all sat down:
 Sir DIDDLE then he thus address'd—
 " 'Tis *yours* to speak, be mute the rest."
 When thus the knight—" Can I dissemble?
 " Conceal my rage, while thus I tremble? 260
 " O FIZGIG!

30 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

" O FIZGIG ! 'tis that Garrick's name,
 " Now stops my voice, and shakes my frame—
 " His pangs would please—his death—oh lud!
 " *Blood, Mr. FIZGIG, blood, blood, blood!*"
 The thought, too mighty for his mind, 265
 O'ercame his powers ; he star'd ; grew blind :
 Cold sweat his faded cheek o'erspread,
 Like dew upon the lily's head ;
 He squeak'd and sigh'd---no more could say
 But *blood---bloo---blo---*and died away. 270
 Thus when in war a hero swoons,
 With loss of blood, or fear of wounds,
 They bear him off---and thus they bore
 Sir DIDDLE to the garden-door ;
 Where sat LORD TRIP---where stood for use, 280
 Salts, hartshorn, peppermint, and *eau de luce*.
 A pause ensued :---at length began
 The valiant captain, PATTYPAN.
 With kimbow'd arm, and tossing head,
 He bridled up---" Wear I this red ? 285
 " Shall blood be nam'd, and I be dumb ?
 " For that, and that alone, I come.
 " Glory's my call, and blood my trade ;
 And thus"---then forth he drew his blade. 290
 At once the whole assembly shrieks,
 At once the roses quit their cheeks ;
 Each face o'ercastr with deadly white,
 Nor paint itself could stand the fright ;
 The roof with *order, order, rings,* 295
 And all cry out---NO NAKED THINGS !

The

THE FRIBBLERIAD. 31

The captain sheath'd his wrath in pride,
And stuck the bodkin by his side.

More soft, more gentle than a lamb,
The reverend Mister MARJORAM 300

Arose---but first, with finger's tip,
He pats the patch upon his lip;
Then o'er it glides his healing tongue,
And thus he said---or rather sung.

"Sure 'tis the error of the moon! 305

"What, fight a mimic, a buffoon!

"In France he has the church's curse,

"And England's church is ten times worse.

"Have you not read the holy writ,

"Just publish'd by a reverend wit? 310

"That every Actor is a *thing*,

"A *Merry Andrew*, *paper king*,

"A *puppet* made of rags and wood,

"The *lowest son of earth*, mere mud;

"Mere public game, where'er you meet him, 315

"And cobblers as they please may treat him?

"*Slave*, *coxcomb*, *venal*, and what not?

"Ten thousand names that I've forgot—

"Then risque not thus a precious life,

"In such a low, *unnatural* strife, 320

"And sure, to stab him would be cruel.—

"I vote for—arsenick in his gruel."

He said, and smil'd; then sunk with grace,
Lick'd the patch'd lip, and wip'd his face.

A buz of rapture fill'd the room, 325

Like bees about a shrub in bloom:

All

32 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

All whisper'd round—"Was it not fine?
 "O very—Very—'Twas divine!"
 But soon as from the chair was seen
 A waving hand, and speaking mein, 330
 A calm came on—the Chairman bow'd—
 And smirking spoke—"I'm pleas'd and proud
 "To mix my sentiments with yours:
 "'Tis prudence every point secures.
 "Two friends with rapture I have heard; 335
 "One favours *arsenick*, one the *sword*—
 "In both there's danger---but, succeeding,
 "Short pangs in *poisoning*, less in *bleeding*;
 "A sudden death's not worth a shilling---
 "I'd have our foe nine years a killing." 340
 Then from his bosom forth he drew
 A crow-quill pen---"Behold, for you
 "And your revenge, this instrument!
 "From hell it came, to me 'twas sent:
 "Within is poison, sword, and all; 345
 "Its point a dagger, dipt in gall:
 "Keen lingering pangs the foe shall feel,
 "While clouds the hand that stabs conceal:
 "With this, while living, I'll dissect him;
 "Create his errors, then detect 'em; 350
 "Swell tiny faults to monstrous size!
 "Then point them out to purblind eyes,
 "Which, like Polonious, gaze in air,
 "For *ouzel*, *camel*, *whale*, or *bear*.
 "His very merit I'll pervert,
 "And swear the ore is sand and dirt--
 "I know

THE FRIBBLERIAD.

33

" I know his quick and warm sensations,
 " And thence will work him more vexations—
 " Attended with some noisy cit,
 " Of strong belief, but puny wit; 260
 " I'll take my seat, be rude and loud,
 " That each remark may reach the crowd;
 " At Lear will laugh, be hard as rocks,
 " And sit at Scrub like barbers blocks :
 " When all is still, we'll roar like thunder; 365
 " When all applause—be mute, and wonder !
 " In this I boast uncommon merit —
 " I like, have prais'd, his genius, spirit:
 " His various powers, I own, divert me---
 " 'Tis his *success* alone has hurt me--- 370
 " My patriot hand, like Brutus, strikes,
 " And stabs, and wounds, where most it likes :
 " *He*, as a Roman, gave the blow ;
 " I, as a FRIBBLE, stab your foe; 374
 " He mourn'd the deed, would not prevent it,
 " I'll do the deed---and then * lament it."---
 At this all tongues their hearts obey,
 A burst of rapture forc'd its way,
Bravo!---Bravissimo!--Huzza! }
 All rose at once---then hand in hand, 380
 Each link'd to each, the heroes stand---
 Like Fairies form a magic round,---
 Then vow, and tremble at the sound---
 By all that's dear to human kind,
 By every tye can FRIBBLES bind; 385

* Some MSS. read *repent it*.

D

They

34 THE FRIBBLERIAD.

They vow, that with their latest breath
 They'll stand by *Fizgig*---life or death.
 The kiss goes round the parting friends---
 The chair is left---th' assembly ends.
 Then each, his spirit to recruit, 390
 For biscuits call, and candied fruit ;
 And sip, his flutter'd nerves to heal,
 Warm water, sack, and orange-peel---
 Then made as warm as warmth could make them,
 All to their several homes betake them--- 395
 Save one, who, harrafs'd with the chair,
 Remain'd at Hampstead, for the air.

Now, GARRICK, for the future know
 Where most you have *deserv'd* a foe---
 Can you their rage with justice blame? 400
 To you they owe their public shame.
 Though long they slept, they were not dead ;
 Their malice wakes in X, Y, Z.----
 And now bursts forth their treasur'd gall,
 Thro' *him*---COCK FRIBBLE of them all! 405

THE

THE
SICK MONKEY*.

A
F A B L E.

“Thursd^y Afternoon, DAVID GARRICK, Esq; arrived at
his House in Southampton-street, Covent-Garden.”

Public Advertiser, April 27, 1765.

First published 1765.

* “After Mr. Garrick had been abroad about a year and
half; fatiated with the amusements and pleasures of the
Continent, he turned his thoughts towards his native coun-
try. But before he would set out for Calais, he was resolved
to put in practice his usual method of preventing censure,
and blunting the edge of ridicule by anticipation. For this
purpose, before he left Paris, he sat down very seriously to
write a kind of satirical poem on himself; it was called *The*
Sick Monkey, and the plan of it was, the talk or censure of
other animals and reptiles on him and his travels; and this
poem he sent from Paris to a friend (Mr. Colman) with a
request that he would get it printed to prepare his reception
in London.” *Davies's life of Garrick*, Vol. 2. P. 95.

STICK MONKEY

THE MONKEY IS A VERY
INTERESTING ANIMAL
AND IS FOUND IN
THE TROPICAL
FORESTS OF
AFRICA AND
ASIA. IT IS
A VERY
CURIOS
ANIMAL
AND IS
VERY
INTERESTING
TO
WATCH.

THE
SICK MONKEY.

A
F A B L E.

ADDRESSED

To Mr. GARRICK, upon his Arrival.

Return'd from travel to your native shore,
Again to make us laugh or cry,
To turn your back, we hope, no more,
Nor from your colours fly.

Whether you fled for health, or quiet,
Harrafs'd with rule, or sick with riot,
Or whether you have kept us lean,
As slander says,
With lenten plays,
To make our appetites more keen;
Whether it be or this or that,
No matter what,
For we before the curtain see but blindly;
Now you are come
To us, and home,
We greet you, Sir, and greet you kindly.

38 THE SICK MONKEY:

My Muse is honest, as she's bold,
 A forward Miss,
 Who loves to prate — but hold——
 I quite forgot;
 Before I tell you what she *is*,
 I'll tell you what she's *not*.

No bird of prey, with wild uproar,
 Like *Churchill* to disturb the grove;
 Nor comes she, like the harmless dove,
 To bill, and coo, and love,
 ——And nothing more.

In short, to speak more plainly,
 Nor be it thought I speak it vainly,
 Averse to flattery and spite,
 She is a modest, sober dame,
 I wish all females were the same,
 And will not scratch or bite:

She is not one of those
 Who shew their genius in their dress,
 Whose inky fingers, unpinn'd cloaths,
 The slip-shod shoe, and snuffy nose,
 Denote her wit, and sluttishness:
 Who with a Play, like pistol cock'd, in hand,
 Bid Managers to stand:

" Deliver, Sir,
 " Your thoughts on this
 " Before you stir—
 " —*But, Madam—Miss----*
 " Your answer strait;
 " I will not wait—
 " 'Tis fit you know—
 " I'll hear no reason,
 " This very season,
 " Ay or No."

Not to kill more precious time,
 In dropping sense to pick up rhyme;
 Or, like friend *Shandy*, rattle,
 And lose my matter in my prattle;
 Without much wit digression's tame;
 So I shall give it o'er;
 And beat about the bush no more,
 But start my game.

The Critick's pen has various uses,
 It praises now, and now abuses,
 Does this and that,
 Or both together,
 As fancy strikes or rhimes come pat,
 Stabs with the point, or tickles with the feather.

Authors, like bees, buz round, and round
 Dramatic ground;
 For all they meet
 Have sharp and sweet;

D 4:

They

THE SICK MONKEY:

They do no ill,
 Would fools sit still;
 Provoke 'em, and they're dangerous things;
 And ev'ry Player
 Should equally beware
 Their honey as their stings.

GARRICK! thou mighty chief of kings and
 queens,
 Despotic tyrant of the scenes!
 Think'st thou all human race to mock,
 In buskin, and in sock,
 And will not fools
 Thy mock'ry ridicules,
 From CHALKSTONE's Lord, to dainty FRIBBLE,
 Rave, chatter, write,
 In various ways display their spite?
 For all can talk, and some can scribble.

Others again
 Take up the pen,
 In panegyrick's gaudy colours paint thee;
 As humour flows,
 Now friends, now foes,
 In prose and verse, and verse and prose,
 Bedevil thee, and faint thee.

And can such Criticks tease thee?
 And can such praises please thee?

O, if

O, if they can,
Alas! poor man,
No more deride
Thy neighbour's weakness, folly, pride,
But cure thy own,
If thou art able,
While I make known
My friendship to thee in a Fable.

An Ape there was, an Ape of merit,
A lively, sportive, pleasant thing,
Had so much fancy, whim, and spirit,
And made such sport,
He got to Court,
And shew'd his tricks before the LION-KING.

Such honour gave him fame,
And rais'd his name;
From far and near they came to see
This MONKEY-prodigy!

Though none were more expert and quick,
In tumbling backward o'er a stick;
Though none with a more lordly pride,
And happy ease, did e'er bestride
The rugged, Russian bear;
Though he could skip it up and down,
And pick the pocket of a clown,
Or whip away his hat,
Or fondle with a cat,
The wonder of the Fair!

This

42 THE SICK MONKEY:

This was not all—he had the art
Of acting still a higher part:
To each profession that he saw,
Physick, Divinity, or Law,
He ludicrously shap'd him:
So much possess'd of all their notions,
Their humours, oddities, and motions,
That not a soul escap'd him:

In ridicule's enchanted glass,
Whatever forms are shewn,
We all can see another's face,
But never find our own.
To flatter SELF we all incline;
For SELF we plan and labour;
“ Pluck not, good Sir, a hair of mine,
“ And you may scalp my neighbour.”

Each laugh'd to see his friend the jest,
And prais'd the MONKEY highly,
Not openly, but sily,
At court you find a thousand such:
But what was best,
Though there were none
By turns he did not fall upon,
Each thought himself the only one
The MIMIC could not touch:
Blest fools! who boast your happy lot
From ridicule secure,
Though leopard-stain'd, you see no spot,
INIMITABLY pure!

Whether.

Whether the *Jackanapes* was clever,
Or the court not over nice,
By various tricks he crept in favour,
And for those tricks had DOUBLE PRICE!!
Thus FORTUNE, in a whim,
Resolv'd to turn his brain,
And fill'd his cup up to the brim,
Th' intoxicating cup of joy,
Which better heads than his destroy,
No wonder he was vain!

Whenever gossip FAME prates loud,
ENVY, in turn, as loud will tattle,
And scribblers to her standard croud,
Cry, HAVOCK! and prepare for battle.
MALEVOLENCE, with lynx's eye,
The most minute defects will spy;
And even FRIENDSHIP, shame upon our kind!
Is to those faults not always blind.

The looking up fatigues the sight;
And mortals when they soar,
Should they once reach a certain height,
All wish to have them lower:
And friends there are in this good town
Will lend a hand to help them down.

About

About, about my pen,
 Nor lose the Fable in thy railing !
 But to our MONKEY back again,
 Who found that Brutes, as well as Men,
 Have this same cursed failing.

The moment he got fame and wealth
 (How ill exchang'd for ease and health !)

The envious crew
 Poor PUG pursue,
 Abuse his active, pliant spirit ;
 But chiefly those
 Were mark'd his foes,
 Who felt a satire in his merit.

The dull and sluggish were the first
 To shew their teeth, if not to bite ;
 The *Hog*, the *Bear*, the *Ass* had burst,
 Had they not grunted, roar'd, and bray'd their
 This furious stir [spite.
 Awak'd the Critic CUR ;
Hound, *Greyhound*, *Mastiff*, answer to the call,
The little Dogs and all.

The game's in view :
 For man and beast
 Scandal's a feast,
 Where both with appetite fall to.

The bloated *Toad*, in silence, stole
 To gather poison in her hole :

As mischief never knows delay,
 She rous'd the *Viper* in her way;
 A neighbour, and her bosom friend:
 For tho' she crawl'd and could not run,
 She kept this maxim strict'y,
 (Ye sons of Law, attend!)
 That mischief, if it must be done,
 'Twere well it were done quickly.

But then his *friends*—Did they oppose?
 (A luke-warm friend's the worst of foes)
 'The *Goat* look'd wise, and wagg'd his beard;
 The *Spaniel* shook his ears;
 'The *Fox* turn'd up his pointed nose;
 Thoughtful and dull the *Cat* appear'd,
 Or else in whispers purr'd her fears:
 The *Steed* alone was firm and fast,
 The generous *Steed* stood by him to the last.

Pug sickens, mopes, and looks like death,
 Speaks faintly, and scarce draws his breath;
 Some call it *Megrim*, some the *Spleen*;
 Words often us'd that little mean:
 But *Scandal*, with her face demure,
 Hints it is heat of blood,
 By which is understood,
 An old *Amour*:

In short, they ranfack all diseases,
 And give him that their fancy pleases.

Among

40 THE SICK MONKEY:

Among the rest,
That fits him best,
Which best the Doctor serves :
Of which he most avails him,
When knowledge fails him,
And, with a face of wisdom, calls it—*Nerves*.

The *Horse*, who saw his friend's distress,
Did thus his honest mind express :
“ Come, prithee, rouze ; this life's the devil ;
“ What sigh and sob, and keep within ?
“ What you, who us'd to frisk and revel,
“ For ever chatter, and for ever grieve ?
“ Zounds—it would make a parson swear !—
“ Get on my back, and take the air.”
Away they went, and as they pass,
The *Hog*, the *Dog*, the *Bear*, the *Ass*,
Pug's diff'rent foes in diff'rent places ;
If in the least they shew'd their spite,
The *Horse* would winny, snort, and bite,
And throw *the dirt* into their faces.

For all this care,
This exercise and air,
Yet still the MONKEY pin'd,
For well we are assur'd,
That when the grief is in the mind,
'Tis sooner got than cur'd.

In

In this condition,
What to prescribe him?—a Physician.
There is a certain way of life,
Which all must take,
For fashion's sake,
Or be with all the world at strife :
The rich must to the Doctor give,
The poor to Nature trust, and live.

It must be so ;—or could the tribe
Of those who quack, or who prescribe,
In folly find such ample gain ?
Could nostrums swell the *Advertiser* ?
Or the wise heads of *Warwick-lane*
Buy Wig enough to make them wiser ?

Our patient cannot wait ;
“ Send for a doctor strait ! ”
But not a formal, half-bred fool,
Who cures by chance, and kills by rule,
A perriwig-pated block :
Physicians for the Brutes were Fowls,
And tho' the sworn practitioners were OWLS,
They chose a neighbouring Cock.

He enters with a stately tread,
His comb and wattles dignify his head :
No outward sign was ever seen,
That promis'd half so much within ;
And

And yet—ye sons of Physick, blush!

The wine was better than the bush.

His learning back'd by penetration,

A kind of Radcliffe-inspiration,

Bound by no partial, pedant laws,

Shot through each symptom to its cause:

A rarity without dispute!

He was *an honest* Cock to boot.

Yet with this genius, worth, and knowledge,

He had a stain, a deep disgrace,

No mortal merit could efface, —

—He was not of the College!

But hold—our hero out of sight,

Must now again be brought to light:

We left him in the Doctor's care,

Who with a serious face,

Attending to the case,

Did thus his mind declare:

“ I could, like any learned brother,

“ With a hard name my ign'rance smother;

“ 'Tis one of our establish'd laws,

“ Which daily we fulfil,

“ Whene'er our skill can't find a cause,

“ To make a cause to suit our skill;

“ Thus we seldom meet disgrace,

“ We only can mistake the case.

“ What are these papers by your side?

“ 'Tis *physick*, Sir, to cure my pride:

“ *This*

“ *This heap of papers, verse and prose,*
 “ *Is the joint malice of my foes ;*
 “ *There’s not a day but something’s sent me,*
 “ *To fret me, and torment me.”*

This said, the conversation stops :
 For Pug was faint, and calls for drops ;
 With rage subdu’d, the patient panted,
 Which struck a light the Doctor wanted,
 Who thus pronounc’d—“ I know your ail ;
 “ ’Tis not in your heart or head,
 “ As some have said ;
 “ *Where then, good Doctor?—in your tail.”*

His Tail of most uncommon make,
 In action like the serpent kind,
 A thousand diff’rent forms could take,
 Twirl, twist, and vary to his mind.
 If Lords were ap’d—this pliant queue
 Was cross his breast a ribbon blue,
 Or green, or red,—and then slap-dash,
 A Chaplain’s scarf, or Col’nel’s fash :
 Whene’er the city struck his brain,
 ’Twas round his neck a Lord Mayor’s chain :
 Or were his part to lisp and trip it,
 Hey, presto !—’twas a lady’s tippet !
 But now depriv’d of spirit, life, and strength,
 It lies a languid, lank, inanimated length.

50 THE SICK MONKEY:

The Doctor paus'd—then silence broke,

“ I'll strike a master stroke !

“ This Tail of yours we must amend,

“ Give it new life and force,

“ And if we gain that end,

“ The rest will come of course :

“ With that same malice of your foes,

“ Both verse and prose,

“ Curl it each night and morning ;

“ But then take warning—

“ Never again to cast your eyes

“ On what is wrote, or may be writ,

“ Whether it is, or is not wit ;

“ For *there* the magic lies.”

'Tis best by craft, and not by book,

To cure these mental fevers ;—

The MONKEY all for gospel took,

The sick are great believers.

So well the Doctor's words he noted,

His tail that night was *papilloted* ;

His greedy eyes, to cure his head,

No more on paper-diet fed.

The cause remov'd, effects will cease,

Depriv'd of oil, the flame goes out,

Our APE began to be at peace,

His Tail to move about :

The more 'twas curl'd,

The more 'twas twirl'd ;

With

With head and heart
The Tail took part,
Life frisks in ev'ry vein,
— *PUG was himself again!*—

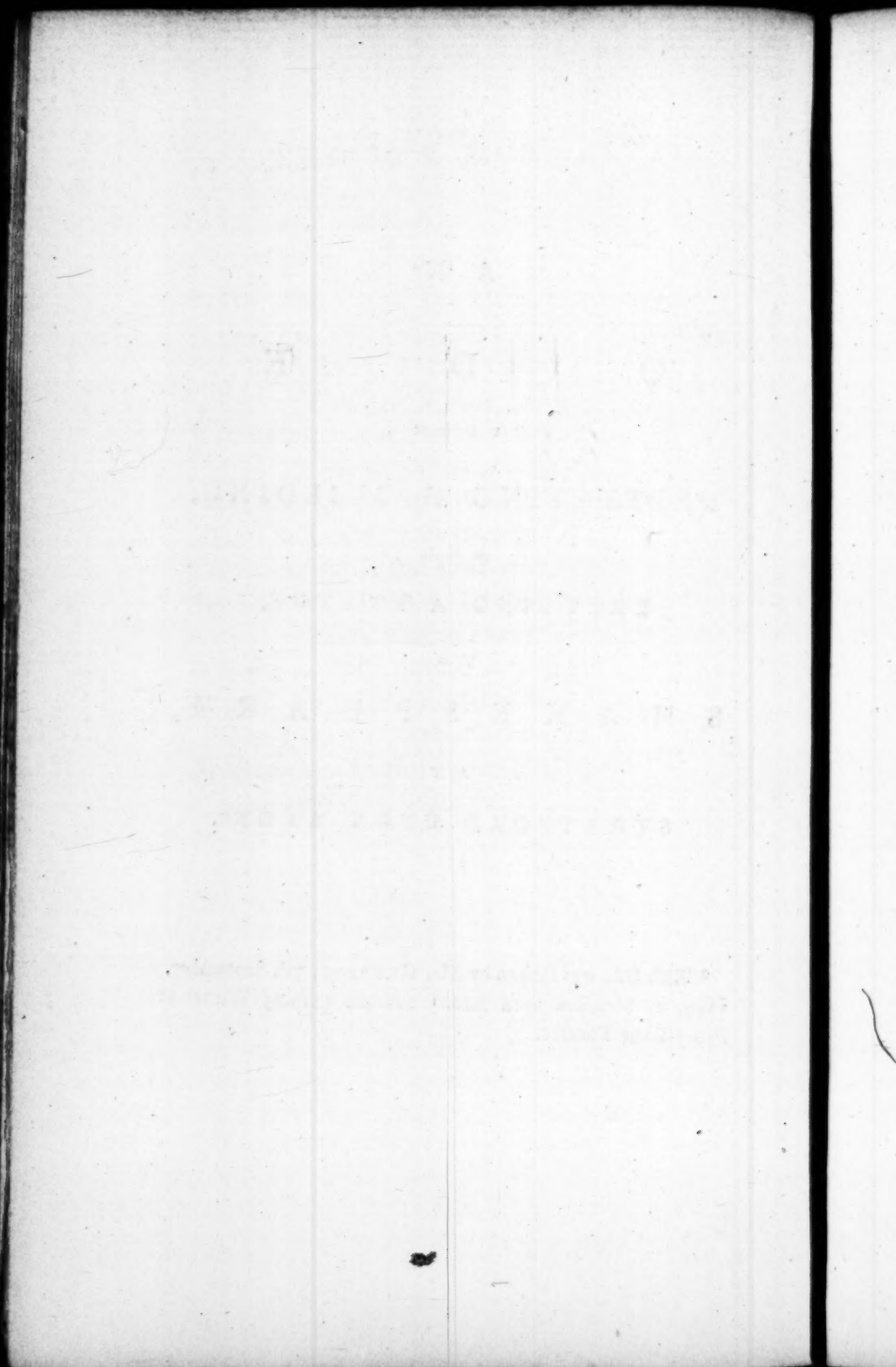
The MONKEY got his health,
The Doctor wealth,
Of patients he had plenty :
• For though the cure was half a joke,
'Twas wonder'd at by silly folk,
And that's nineteen in twenty.
To fix his cure, Historians say,
That, like Sir WILFUL in the play,
He talk'd of foreign parts :
Left all his griefs and cares behind,
Sail'd with the first fair wind,
And hey for ITALY and Arts !

What he got there no creature knows,
Nor he himself can tell us ;
What lightly comes, as lightly goes,
With all such pretty fellows.
He skip'd the country o'er,
And then return'd,
With what he learn'd,
A greater MONKEY than before.

THE Fable told, the Moral comes ;—
 GARRICK, don't fret, and bite your thumbs,
 But take the *Monkey's* place ;
 The fame's your case ;
 The same prescription we advise :
 Should Spleen and Spite,
 Nay, though Critic Truth should write,
 (For who is always in the right ?)
 Shut your ears, and close your eyes :
 Whate'er is publish'd, buy the heap,
 You'll have it cheap,
 But not to read, or hear it read :
 Would you strike detraction dead,
 The Doctor's method cannot fail ;
 Keep the poison from your HEAD,
 And clap it to your TAIL.

AN
ODE
UPON
DEDICATING A BUILDING,
AND
ERECTING A STATUE,
TO
SHAKESPEARE,
AT
STRATFORD UPON AVON*.

* This Ode was spoken by Mr. GARRICK, 7th September, 1769, at Stratford upon Avon; and the ensuing Winter at Drury-Lane Theatre.



ADVERTISEMENT.

COULD some gentlemen of approved ability have been prevailed upon to do justice to the subject of the following Ode, the present apology would have been unnecessary;—but as it was requisite to produce something of this kind upon the occasion, and the lot having unluckily fallen on the person perhaps the least qualified to succeed in the attempt, it is hoped the candour of the public will esteem the performance rather as an act of duty, than vanity in the author.

As some news-paper writers have illiberally endeavoured to shake the poetic character of our immortal bard (too deeply indeed rooted in the heart to be affected by them) it is recommended to those who are not sufficiently established in their dramatic faith, to peruse a work lately published, called, *An Essay on the Genius and Writings of SHAKESPEARE*, by which they will with much satisfaction be convinced, that *England* may justly boast the honour of producing the greatest dramatic poet in the world.

To strengthen and justify the general admiration of this astonishing Genius, it has been

thought proper to subjoin to the Ode some undeniable testimonies (both in prose and verse) of his unequalled original talents*.

If it shall be found, that *speaking* that part of the Ode, which has usually been conveyed in recitative, produces a better effect, the Author flatters himself he may lay claim to some little merit on that account: As to the Ode itself, he presents it to the public as an object of their good-nature,—to his friends as an exercise of their partiality—to his enemies, as a lucky opportunity of venting their wit, humour, criticism, spleen, or whatever else they please, should they think it worthy of their notice.

* These are extracted from the Works of Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Thomson, Johnson, Warton, Seward, Akenfide, Gray, Mason, Churchill, Jago, Whitehead, Addison, Rowe, Voltaire, Theobald, Hanmer, Lyttelton, Warburton, Dodd, Steevens, Capel, Hurd, Murphy, Colman, Walpole and Mrs. Montague. In the present collection they are omitted.

O D E.

TO what blest genius of the isle
 Shall gratitude her tribute pay,
 Decree the festive day,
 Erect the statue, and devote the pile ?

Do not your sympathetic hearts accord,
 To own the “ bosom’s lord ?”
 ’Tis he ! ’tis he !—that demi-god !
 Who Avon’s flow’ry margin trod,
 While sportive *Fancy* round him flew,
 Where *Nature* led him by the hand,
 Instructed him in all she knew,
 And gave him absolute command !
 ’Tis he ! ’tis he !
 “ The god of our idolatry !”

To him the song, the Edifice we raise,
 He merits all our wonder, all our praise !
 Yet ere impatient joy break forth,
 In sounds that lift the soul from earth ;

And

And to our spell-bound minds impart
 Some faint idea of his magic art ;
 Let awful silence fill the air !
 From the dark cloud, the hidden light
 Bursts tenfold bright !
 Prepare ! prepare ! prepare !
 Now swell at once the choral song,
 Roll the full tide of harmony along ;
 Let rapture sweep the trembling strings,
 And Fame expanding all her wings,
 With all her trumpet-tongues proclaim
 The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name !
Shakespeare ! Shakespeare ! Shakespeare !
 Let th' enchanting sound
 From Avon's shores rebound ;
 Thro' the air
 Let it bear
 The precious freight the envious nations round !

C H O R U S.

Swell the choral song,
 Roll the tide of harmony along,
 Let Rapture sweep the strings,
 Fame expand her wings,
 With her trumpet-tongues proclaim
 The lov'd, rever'd, immortal name,
Shakespeare ! Shakespeare ! Shakespeare !

A I R

A I R.

I.

*Sweetest bard that ever sung,
Nature's glory, Fancy's child, ;
Never sure did witching tongue
Warble forth such wood-notes wild !*

II.

*Come each Muse, and sister Grace,
Loves and Pleasures hither come ;
Well you know this happy place,
Avon's banks were once your home.*

III.

*Bring the laurel, bring the flow'rs,
Songs of triumph to him raise ;
He united all your pow'rs,
All uniting, sing his praise !*

Tho'

Tho' *Philip's* fam'd unconquer'd son,
 Had ev'ry blood-stain'd laurel won ;
 He sigh'd—that his creative word
 (Like that which rules the skies)
 Could not bid other nations rise,
 To glut his yet unfated sword :

But when our *Shakespeare's* matchless pen,
 Like *Alexander's* sword, had done with men ;
 He heav'd no sigh, he made no moan,
 Not limited to human kind,
 He fir'd his wonder-teeming mind,
 Rais'd other worlds, and beings of his own !

A I R.

*When Nature, smiling, hail'd his birth,
 To him unbounded pow'r was given ;
 The whirlwind's wing to sweep the sky,
 " The frenzy-rolling eye,
 To glance from heav'n to earth,
 From earth to heav'n !"*

O from his muse of fire
 Could but one spark be caught,
 Then might these humble strains aspire
 To tell the wonders he has wrought.

To

To tell,—how fitting on his magic throne,
Unaided and alone,
In dreadful state,
The subject passions round him wait;
Who tho' unchain'd, and raging there,
He checks, inflames, or turns their mad career;
With that superior skill,
Which winds the fiery steed at will,
He gives the awful word—
And they all foaming, trembling, own him for
their Lord.

With these his slaves he can controul,
Or charm the soul;
So realiz'd are all his golden dreams,
Of terror, pity, love, and grief,
Tho' conscious that the vision only seems,
The woe-struck mind finds no relief:
Ingratitude would drop the tear,
Cold-blooded age take fire,
To see the thankless children of old *Lear*
Spurn at their king, and fire!
With *his* our reason too grows wild!
What nature had disjoin'd,
The poet's pow'r combin'd,
Madness and age, ingratitude and child.

Ye guilty, lawless tribe,
 Escap'd from punishment, by art or bribe,
 At *Shakespeare's* bar appear!
 No bribing, shuffling there——
 His genius, like a rushing flood,
 Cannot be withstood,
 Out bursts the penitential tear!
 The look appall'd, the crime reveals,
 The marble-hearted monster feels,
 Whose hand is stain'd with blood.

S E M I - C H O R U S.

When law is weak, and justice fails,
 The poet holds the sword and scales.

A I R.

*Though crimes from death and torture fly,
 The swifter muse,
 Their flight pursues,
 Guilty mortals more than die!
 They live indeed, but live to feel
 The scourge and wheel,
 "On the torture of the mind they lie;"
 Should harass'd nature sink to rest,
 The Poet wakes the scorpion in the breast,
 Guilty mortals more than die!*

When

When our *Magician*, more inspir'd,
By charms, and spells, and incantations fir'd,
Exerts his most tremendous pow'r;
The thunder growls, the heav'ns low'r,
And to his darken'd throne repair,
The *Demons* of the deep, and *Spirits* of the air!

But soon these horrors pass away,
Thro' storms and night breaks forth the day:
He smiles,—they vanish into air!
The buskin'd warriors disappear!
Mute the trumpets, mute the drums,
The scene is chang'd—*Thalia* comes,
Leading the nymph *Euphrosyne*,
Goddeſs of joy and liberty!
She and her ſiſters, hand in hand,
Link'd to a num'rous frolick band,
With roſes and with myrtle crown'd,
O'er the green velvet lightly bound,
Circling the Monarch of th' enchanted land!

A I R.

I.

*Wild, frantick with pleasure,
They trip it in measure,
To bring him their treasure,
The treasure of joy.*

II.

*How gay is the measure,
How sweet is the pleasure,
How great is the treasure,
The treasure of joy!*

III.

*Like roses fresh blowing,
Their dimpled-cheeks glowing,
His mind is o'erflowing;
A treasure of joy!*

IV.

*His rapture perceiving,
They smile while they're giving,
He smiles at receiving,
A treasure of joy.*

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
Surrounded thus, the Bard in transport dies ;

The little *Loves*, like bees,
Clust'ring and climbing up his knees,
His brows with roses bind ;
While *Fancy*, *Wit*, and *Humour* spread
Their wings, and hover round his head,
Impregnating his mind.

Which teeming soon, as soon brought forth,
Not a tiny spurious birth,

But out a mountain came,
A mountain of delight !

LAUGHTER roar'd out to see the sight,
And *FALSTAFF* was his name !

With sword and shield he, puffing, strides ;
The joyous revel-rout

Receive him with a shout,
And modest *Nature* holds her sides :
No single pow'r the deed had done,
But great and small,

Wit, *Fancy*, *Humour*, *Whim*, and *Jest*,
The huge, mis-shapen heap impress'd ;
And lo—*SIR JOHN* !

A compound of 'em all,
A comic world in one.

A I R.

*A world where all pleasures abound,
So fruitful the earth,
So quick to bring forth,
And the world too is wicked and round.*

*As the well-teeming earth,
With rivers and show'rs,
Will smiling bring forth,
Her fruits and her flow'rs ;
So Falstaff will never decline ;
Still fruitful and gay,
He moistens his clay,
And his rain and his rivers are wine ;*

*Of the world he has all, but its care ;
No load, but of flesh, will he bear ;
He laughs off his pack,
Takes a cup of old sack,
And away with all sorrow and care.*

Like

Like the rich rainbow's various dyes,
 Whose circle sweeps o'er earth and skies,
 The heav'n-born muse appears ;
 Now quench'd in show'rs, she fades away,
 Now blends her smiles and tears.

Sweet *Swan of Avon* ! ever may thy stream
 Of tuneful numbers be the darling theme ;
 Not *Thames* himself, who in his silver course
 Triumphant rolls along,
 Britannia's riches and her force,
 Shall more harmonious flow in song.
 O had those bards, who charm the list'ning shore
 Of *Cam* and *Isis*, tun'd their classic lays,
 And from their full and precious store,
 Vouchsaf'd to fairy-haunted *Avon* praise !
 (Like that kind bounteous hand *,
 Which lately gave the ravish'd eyes
 Of *Stratford* fountains
 A rich command,
 Of widen'd river, lengthen'd plains,
 And opening skies)
 Nor *Greek*, nor *Roman* strains would flow along,
 More sweetly clear, or more sublimely strong,
 Nor thus a shepherd's feeble notes reveal,
 At once the weakest numbers, and the warmest
 zeal.

* The D— of D—, with the concurrence of Mr. B—y, most
 generously ordered a great number of trees to be cut down, to
 open the river *Avon* for the Jubilee.

A I R.

I.

*Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream,
Of things more than mortal, sweet Shakespeare
would dream,*

*The fairies by moon-light dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.*

II.

*The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
Here rove without danger, and sigh without pain:
The sweet bud of beauty no blight shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.*

III.

*Here youth shall be fam'd for their love and their
truth,
And chearful old age feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is that pillow'd his head.*

IV.

*Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow,
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame be it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.*

Tho'

Tho' bards with envy-aching eyes,
Behold a tow'ring eagle rise,
And would his flight retard;
Yet each to *Shakespeare's* genius bows,
Each weaves a garland for his brows,
To crown th' heaven-distinguish'd Bard.
Nature had form'd him on her noblest plan,
And to the genius join'd the feeling man.
What tho' with more than mortal art,
Like *Neptune* he directs the storm,
Lets loose like winds the passions of the heart,
To wreck the human form;
Tho' from his mind rush forth, the Demons to
destroy,
His heart ne'er knew but love, and gentleness
and joy.

A I R.

*More gentle than the southern gale,
Which softly fans the blossom'd vale,
And gathers on its balmy wing
The fragrant treasures of the spring,
Breathing delight on all it meets,
"And giving, as it steals, the sweets."*

Look down, blest SPIRIT, from above,
 With all thy wonted gentleness and love;
 And as the wonders of thy pen,
 By heav'n inspir'd,
 To virtue fir'd,

The charm'd, astonish'd sons of men!
 With no reproach, even now, thou view'st thy
 work,

Where no alluring mischiefs lurk,
 To taint the mind of youth.
 Still to thy native spot thy smiles extend,
 And as thou gav'st it fame, that fame defend;

And may no sacrilegious hand
 Near *Avon's* banks be found,
 To dare to parcel out the land,
 And limit Shakespeare's hallow'd ground*.
 For ages free, still be it unconfin'd,
 As broad, and general, as thy boundless mind.

Can *British* gratitude delay,
 To him the glory of this isle,
 To give the festive day
 The song, the statue, and devoted pile?
 To him, the first of poets, best of men?
 "We ne'er shall look upon his like again!"

* This alludes to a design of inclosing a large common field at
 Stratford.

DUETT.

*Shall the hero laurels gain,
For ravag'd fields, and thousands slain?
And shall his brows no laurels bind,
Who charms to virtue human kind?*

CHORUS.

We will,—his brows with laurel bind,
Who charms to virtue human kind :
 Raise the pile, the statue raise,
 Sing immortal *Shakespeare's* praise !
The song will cease, the stone decay,
 But his Name,
 And undiminish'd fame,
Shall never, never pass away

P R O L O G U E S

A N D

E P I L O G U E S.

THEOLOGICAL

AND

PHILOSOPHICAL

PROLOGUES and EPILOGUES.

I.

EPILOGUE to * *LETHE, OR ESOP IN THE SHADES*. Spoken by Mrs. *Clive* and Mr. *Rastor*, in the Characters of Miss *Lucy* and Mr. *Thomas* †.

Thomas. **F**arewel my cares; farewel domestick
strife;

How blest the husband! when reform'd the wife!

Lucy. I'm not reform'd——

Tho. Not reform'd, my dear!

Lucy. No—

Tho. No!

Lucy. No! no! no! can't you hear?

Tho. Then all my hopes are gone!

Lucy. With all my heart;

You may go too—I'm ready, sir, to part.

* By Mr. Garrick first acted April 1740 (before the Author's appearance on the stage) at Drury-lane, for the benefit of Mr. Giffard. This performance was a sketch of the very popular Drama afterwards so frequently represented at Drury-lane Theatre. In its first state it contained only the outlines of some of the characters.

† See *The Virgin Unmask'd* by Fielding.

Tho.

Tho. Did you not promise, Lucy, to reform?

Lucy. You promis'd too—and how did you perform?

You well may drop your lip and change your saucy tone!

Go, get you hence, you worthless drone!

Tho. Pray follow, Lucy, do.

Lucy. I'll follow straight,

My pleasures — not you——

When thou art gone, I'll ne'er on man rely;

Next time, by golls, I'll taste before I buy:

Contented now, the husband is retir'd;

Like other wives, I'll stay, and be admir'd.

And now, I'll chuse a lover to my goust,

Irish and French I've try'd, but they'll not do,

I must have British fare, and one of you.

First, I'll beg leave to view the upper places—

Ha! ha! they grin so, one can't distinguish faces.

I'll pass the footmen; they're not worth my care;

I married one—and lazy rogues they are!

Next to the boxes let my eyes descend;

I surely, there, shall find some one my friend—

O lack! how fine they are! but we shall ne'er agree;

They like themselves so well—they'll ne'er like me:

Besides, of all things, I abhor a beau,

For, when try'd, 'tis doubtful, whether man or no.

Next, let me view my last resort—the Pit;

Here's choice enough; the Merchant, Soldier,

The surly Critic, and the threadbare Wit. [Cit,

As

As for the Rakes, they are too common grown,
 For Men, who strive at all, are good at none:
 Nor will the Wit or surly Critic serve me;
 For, one would beat me; and the other starve me.
 The Merchant now and Soldier's left behind;
 To both I feel my heart somewhat inclin'd:
 Which shall I choose? Each has a noble soul!
 Which shall I have? I'll have 'em both, by goll.
 No doubt, you'll all approve my patriot passion;
 My heart is fix'd for Trade and Navigation:
 I hope you'll not refuse your gen'rous voice;
 Applaud me, Britons, and approve my choice.

II.

EPILOGUE to the MOCK-DOCTOR *.

HOW happy chance may alter one's condition,
 Behold poor Gregory a rich phyfician !
 My axe is chang'd and dwindled to a pen,
 To trees once fatal, fatal now to men.
 No more fhall woollen caps thefe looks difgrace, }
 Of fcanty bobs, full bottoms fhall take place, }
 Befpread my rump, and dignify my face.
 Ladies, furvey me well behind, before,
 The Doctor now, plain Gregory no more.
 Declare your thoughts, are any of our tribe
 Better prepar'd to vifit or prefcribe ?
 I've got my drefs, have taken my degrees,
 Prepar'd at once to kill and take my fees.
 Ay, but fays fome, this Doctor fcarce can read ;
 Does he know when to blifter, purge or bleed ?
 Learning, 'tis true, like many more I want ;
 But then, like many more, I prate and cant ;
 For tho' my brethren may look wife and big,
 Their knowledge lies not in the head, but wig.

* Printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, Sept. 1740, with
 the fignature G. The fame Letter is added to feveral other
 Pieces afterwards acknowledged by Mr. Garrick.

If this is granted, all may plainly see,
That few in knowledge can compare with me.

(Stroaks his wig.

This night a female patient try'd my skill,
And tho' I gave her neither slop nor pill,
By other means I soon perform'd a cure,
Mifs could not talk—no common case I'm sure ;
Punch I prescrib'd the best specifick potion,
To oil the tongue, and give that member motion ;
But soon as e'er I knew the maid's condition,
I thought a pimp more proper than physician :
In short, I brought the lovers face to face,
The best prescription in a ticklish case ;
They married soon, and fell to bill and cooing,
Which op'd her lips, and set her tongue a-going.
Now, ladies, if you stand my friends, you're sure
If love's your case, to find a speedy cure.
I'm always yours, employ me as you please,
Pimp or Physician, give me but my fees.

III.

PROLOGUE to * PAMELA.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

AS in the airy regions of romance,
The advent'rous Knight sets out with shield and
lance,
Strait his disinterested valour flies
To helpless Damsels, and to Beauty's cries ;
This only motive rising in his breast,
The god-like plea—of innocence distress'd.
Thus dares our Author Errant of to-night
In Virtue's aid romantically fight ;
Sacred to Her, the champion pen he draws,
Enough rewarded—to support her cause.
To-night his honest labour means to prove,
A low-born virtue worth a great man's love ;
An honest pride, where conscious honour glows ;
An artless innocence—whence truth still flows ;

* A Comedy by Mr. Love, first acted at Goodman's Fields, Nov. 1741. In this Play, which is founded on Richardson's very popular Novel, Mr. Garrick performed, and, as is generally imagined, wrote the character of Jack Spatter.

A sense

A sense proceeding but from nature's light,
 (For little knowledge serves us to be right)
 A merit greatly poor, that far outshines
 The glare of titles, or the wealth of mines.
 Such steadfast honesty should find success
 O'er the abandon'd authors of distress,
 O'er those who glory to betray a maid,
 Who welcome guilt, and make deceit a trade.
 Yet some there are less liable to blame,
 Who only want reflection to reclaim,
 Who bend unthinking to the Syren's voice,
 The reprobates of custom, not of choice;
 Who deaf to precept, plead example still,
 And think the mode indemnifies the ill.
 To such our Author offers this address,
 Not certain nor despairing of success;
 Amongst this cast of men he hopes to find
 Some converts—for the honour of mankind;
 On minds like these his morals may prevail,
 And who escap'd a Sermon, feel this Tale.

IV.

EPILOGUE to the LYING VALET*.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

THAT I'm a lying rogue, you all agree ;
 And yet look round the world and you will see }
 How many more my betters lye as fast as me. }
 Against this vice we all are ever railing, }
 And yet, so tempting is it, so prevailing, }
 You'll find but few without this useful failing. }
 Lady or Abigail, my Lord or Will,
 The lye goes round, and the ball's never still.
 My lies were harmless, told to shew my parts ;
 And not like those when tongues belye their
 hearts.

In all professions you will find this flaw ;
 And in the greatest too, in physic and in law.
 The gouty serjeant cries, with formal pause,
 " Your plea is good, my friend, don't starve the
 cause."

But when my Lord decrees for t'other side,
 Your costs of suit convince you—that he ly'd.

* Farce, by Mr. Garrick ; first acted in Goodman's Fields,
 Nov. 1741.

A Doc-

A Doctor comes, with formal wig and face;
First feels your pulse, then thinks, and knows
your case.

“ Your fever’s slight, not dangerous, I assure
you ;

“ Keep warm, and *repetatur haustus*, sir, will cure
you.”

Around the bed next day his friends are crying;
The patient dies, the Doctor’s paid for lying.

The Poet, willing to secure the Pit,

Gives out his play has humour, taste, and wit:

The cause comes on, and, while the judges try,

Each groan and catcall gives the bard the lye.

Now let us ask, pray, what the ladies do?

They too will fib a little, *entre nous*.

“ Lord! says the Prude, (her face behind her
fan)

“ How can our sex have any joy in man?

“ As for my part, the best could ne’er deceive
me,

“ And were the race extinct, ’twould never
grieve me:

“ Their sight is odious! but their touch——
O gad!

“ The thought of that’s enough to drive one
mad.”

Thus rails at man the squeamish Lady Dainty,

Yet weds, at fifty-five, a rake of twenty.

In short, a beau’s intrigues, a lover’s sighs,

The courtier’s promise, the rich widow’s cries,

And patriot’s zeal, are seldom more than lies. }

Sometimes you'll see a man belye his nation,
Nor to his country shew the least relation.

For instance now——

A cleanly *Dutchman*, or a *Frenchman* grave,
A sober *German*, or a *Spaniard* brave,
An *Englishman* a coward or a slave. }

Mine, tho' a fibbing, was an honest art;
I serv'd my master, play'd a faithful part:
Rank me not, therefore, 'mongst the lying crew,
For, tho' my tongue was false, my heart was true.

V.

EPILOGUE to REGULUS*.

Spoken by Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

IF one could credit what these Poets tell us,
These Greeks and Romans were surprizing fel-
lows.

But when compar'd with heroes now-a-days,
Who can believe one word our Author says?

To-night fam'd Regulus appear'd before ye,
Brimfull of honour and his country's glory;
So fraught with virtue and with patriot zeal,
He laid down life to serve the public weal.
Bless me! was ever man so wildly frantick!
We have no patriots now are so romantick;
We've no State Quixotes as they had of yore;
Our Patriots huff, 'tis true, and rant and roar, }
And talk of this and that—but nothing more. }

Their ladies too were form'd with strange in-
gredients;
They lov'd their husbands, and were all obe-
dience:

* A Tragedy, by Mr. Havard, acted first Time February
1744, at Drury-lane Theatre.

And though their mates for many years would
roam,

The constant doves would stay till they come
home.

Martia, if what they say can gain belief,
For loss of husband almost dy'd with grief;
And what is stranger still, they all agree
That Regulus was turn'd of sixty-three.
Would any modern lady break her heart,
Because an aged spouse resolves to part?
Would she to thwart his will be so uncivil?
O no—the man might go to Carthage—or the
devil.

What mighty stuff compos'd these sons of free-
dom!

The Classics say (I'm told by those that read
'em)

That they were mortals of such wond'rous merit,
That e'en when old, they fought and liv'd with
spirit.

Romans at sixty-three, as I'm alive,
Were better men than ours at thirty-five.

In short, if all that's said and wrote be true,
And they when old such mighty feats could do,
O Lord! they play'd the devil sure at twenty-
two! }

Thus far with trifling jests to please the age,
And to preserve the custom of the stage—
And now let serious, nobler thoughts, impart
The warmest wishes to each English heart;

May

May ev'ry Matron *Marcia's* truth approve,
 And ev'ry Maid like constant *Clelia* love !
 May ev'ry *Decius* find a faithful friend,
 And ev'ry *Corvus* meet the villain's end !
 May ev'ry Briton hold his Country dear,
 And Truth, not Party, ev'ry action steer !
 May *Regulus's* conduct point the way,
 And no false glitter lead our youths astray !
 May ev'ry virtue be transplanted home,
 And Britain boast the worth of ancient Rome !

VI.

EPILOGUE to The ASTROLOGER *.

Spoken by Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

WELL, what's the sentence ? What's our Au-
thor's fate ?

I fear his conj'ring scheme is out of date ;
For look but round 'mongst men of all condi-
tions,

You'll find no conj'rers now but Politicians :
Consulting stars is now quite out of fashion ;
Our wiser dames consult their inclination :

* A Comedy, by Mr. Ralph, acted at Drury-lane, April 1744. In an Advertisement prefixed to this Play, the Author complains that ten years had elapsed before it could obtain the favour of a representation ; that he was not unknown to the great, nor destitute of private friends ; and having devoted the most serious of his studies to the service of the publick, he had some reason to expect the public favour. Yet that the receipts of the house upon the first night were but twenty-one pounds ; and when the Manager risqued a second to give the Author a chance for a Benefit, he was obliged to shut up his doors for want of an audience. *Biog. Dramatica*, Vol. ii. p. 22.

And

And as a sure defence against all ills,
 Are led by those unerring guides—their wills.
 No planet's aspect now controuls your birth,
 We are the stars alone preside on earth:
 I told our Author so——'twas true, he swore ;
 The man is married—and could say no more.—
 Long have our senseless play-wrights, void of
 spirit,

From Moliere's humour pilfer'd all their merit :
 Our Author scorn'd in foreign climes to roam,
 He thought some merit might be found at home.
 Upon the Patriot principle he stood,
 And, tho' his head may fail, his heart is good.
 But leaving him to mourn for scribbling crimes,
 I'll take his hint, and warn the present times.

A modish frenzy so corrupts the town,
 That nought but *Alamode de France* goes down :
 We all submit to this fantastic yoke,
 Like them we dress, we dance, we eat, we joke ;
 From top to toe they change us at their will ;
 All but our hearts——and those are British
 still.

Rouze, rouze, for shame ! This modish pest op-
 pose !

Nor meanly ape your vain insulting foes !
 To kill this fatal weed for ever toil,
 Nor let it e'er take root in British soil !
 Let low inglorious arts to France belong,
 The close deceit, false heart and double tongue !

Let

Let us by noble, generous arts be known,
By valour, wit, and honesty, our own !
Produce your Worthies, Britain; and be taught,
That none like Shakespeare writ, or Marlborough
fought.

By these to former heights your glories raise,
Nor yield to France the Laurels or the Bays !

VII.

P R O L O G U E

To the SUSPICIOUS HUSBAND *.

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

WHILE other culprits brave it to the last,
 Nor beg for mercy 'till the judgment's past;
 Poets alone, as conscious of their crimes,
 Open their trials with imploring rhymes.
 Thus cram'd with flattery and low submission,
 Each trite dull Prologue is the bard's petition.
 A stale device to calm the critick's fury,
 And bribe at once the judges and the jury.

But what avail such poor repeated arts?
 The whimp'ring scribbler ne'er can touch your
 hearts:

Nor ought an ill-tim'd pity to take place——
 Fast as they rise destroy th' increasing race:
 The vermin else will run the nation o'er—
 By saving one, you breed a million more.

Tho' disappointed Authors rail and rage,
 At fancy'd parties, and a senseless age,
 Yet still has justice triumph'd on the stage.

}

* A Comedy, by Dr. Benjamin Hoadley, acted first Time at
 Covent Garden Theatre, Feb. 1747.

Thus

Thus speaks and thinks the Author of to-day,
 And saying this, has little more to say.
 He asks no friend his partial zeal to shew,
 Nor fears the groundless censures of a foe;
 He knows no friendship can protect the fool,
 Nor will an Audience be a party's tool.
 'Tis inconsistent with a free-born spirit,
 To side with folly, or to injure merit.
 By your decision he must fall or stand,
 Nor, tho' he feels the lash, will blame the hand.

VIII.

EPILOGUE to the same PLAY.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

THO' the young Smarts, I see, begin to sneer,
And the old sinners cast a wicked leer :
Be not alarm'd, ye Fair—you've nought to
fear.

No wanton hint, no loose ambiguous sense,
Shall flatter vicious taste at your expence.
Leaving for once those shameless arts in vogue,
We give a *Fable* for the *Epilogue*.

An Ass there was, our Author bid me say,
Who needs must write—he did—and wrote a
Play.

The parts were cast to various beasts and fowl :
Their stage a barn—the Manager an Owl !
The house was cramm'd at fix, with friends and
foes ;

Rakes, Wits, and Criticks, Citizens, and Beaux.
These characters appear'd in different shapes
Of Tigers, Foxes, Horses, Bulls and Apes ;

With

With others too, of lower rank and station:—

A perfect abstract of the brute creation!

Each, as he felt, mark'd out the Author's faults,

And thus the *Connoisseurs* express'd their thoughts.

The Critick-curs first snarl'd—the rules are
broke!

Time, Place, and Action, sacrific'd to joke!

The Goats cry'd out, 'twas formal, dull, and
chaste—

Not writ for beasts of gallantry and taste!

The Horned-Cattle were in piteous taking,

At Fornication, Rapes, and Cuckold-making!

The Tigers swore, he wanted fire and passion.

The Apes condemn'd—because it was the fashion!

The generous steeds allow him proper merit,

Here mark'd his faults, and there approv'd his
spirit:

While brother bards bray'd forth with usual
spleen,

And, as they heard, exploded every scene.

When Reynard's thoughts were ask'd, the
shrugging fage,

Fam'd for hypocrisy, and worn with age,

Condemn'd the shameless licence of the stage. }

At which the Monkey skipp'd from box to box,

And whisper'd round the judgment of the Fox,

Abus'd the moderns, talk'd of Rome and

Greece;

Bilk'd every Box-keeper; and damn'd the piece.

Now,

Now, every Fable has a Moral to it :
Be Churchman, Statesman, any thing—but
Poet.

In Law or Physick, quack in what you will ;
Cant and grimace conceal the want of skill.
Secure in these his gravity may pass—
But here no artifice can hide the As.

IX.

E P I L O G U E,

Spoken by Mrs. WOFFINGTON, at the Opening
of Drury-Lane Theatre, 1747.

SWEET doings truly! we are finely fobb'd!
And at one stroke of all our pleasures robb'd!
No beaux behind the scenes! 'tis innovation!
Under the specious name of reformation!
Public complaint, forsooth, is made a puff,
Sense, order, decency, and such like stuff.
But arguments like these are mere pretence,
'The beaux, 'tis known, ne'er give the least
offence;
Are men of chastest conduct, and amazing sense!
Each actress now a lock'd-up nun must be,
And priestly managers must keep the key.
I know their selfish reasons; tho' they tell us,
While smarts, and wits, and other pretty fellows,
Murmur their passions to our flutt'ring hearts,
The stage stands still, and we neglect our parts.

* This Epilogue in a late collection has been erroneously ascribed to Dr. Johnson, who wrote only the Prologue on this occasion.

But

But how mistaken in this silly notion?

We hear 'em talk without the least emotion;

Just, as our tea, we sip each tender strain,

Too weak to warm the heart, or reach the brain.

If harmless, why are we debarr'd our rights?

Damsels distress'd have ever found their knights.

Shall we, the *Dulcineas* of the stage,

In vain ask succour in this fighting age?

Will you, Choice Spirits, who direct the town,

Suffer such impositions to go down?

Can it be thought this law will ever pass,

While doors are only wood, and windows glass?

Besides, our play-house guards are passive men:

Strike without fear; they must not strike again.

Ev'n *Fribble* here, to draw his sword may venture,

May *curse the creters*, beat his man and enter—

The jealous Moor not roars in louder strains,

Than all our Nymphs for loss of absent Swains.

“ We had been happy, tho' the House had fail'd,

“ Masters and all, had not this scheme prevail'd.

“ For ever now farewell the plumed beaux,

“ Who make ambition—to consist in cloaths.

“ Farewel coquetry, and all Green-room joys,

“ Ear-thrilling whispers *, *Deard's* deluding toys,

* A famous toyman in Pall-mall.

- “ Soul-melting flatt’ry, which ev’n prudes can
move,
“ Sighs——tears——and all the circumstance of
love,
“ Farewell !——
“ But oh ! ye dreadful criticks, whose rude
throats
“ Can make both play’rs and masters change
their notes,
“ ’Tis in your pow’r—you any lengths will run ;
“ Help us ; or else—our *occupation’s* gone.”

X.

EPILOGUE to the FOUNDLING*.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

I KNOW you all expect, from seeing me,
 An Epilogue, of strictest purity;
 Some formal lecture, spoke with prudish face,
 To shew our present joking, giggling race,
 True joy consists in—gravity and grace! }
 But why am I for ever made the tool
 Of every squeamish, moralizing fool?
 Condemn'd to sorrow all my life, must I
 Ne'er make you laugh, because I make you cry?
 Madam (say they) your face denotes your heart,
 'Tis your's to melt us in the mournful part.
 So from the looks, our hearts they prudish deem!
 Alas, poor souls!—*we are not what we seem!*
 Tho' prudence oft' our inclination smothers,
 We grave ones love a joke—as well as others.
 From such dull stuff, what profit can you reap?
 You cry—'tis very fine!—(*yawns*) and fall asleep.

* A Comedy by Mr. Moore, acted at Drury-lane, February 1748.

appy that bard, blest with uncommon art,
 Whose wit can chear, and not corrupt the heart!
 Happy that Play'r, whose skill can chase the
 spleen,

And leave no worse inhabitant within.

'Mongst friends, our Author is a modest man,
 But wicked wits will cavil at his plan.

Damn it (says one) this stuff will never pass,
 The *Girl* wants Nature, and the *Rake's* an ass.
 Had I, like Belmont, heard a damsel's cries,
 I would have pink'd her keeper, seiz'd the prize.
 Whipt to a coach, not valu'd tears a *fardin*,
 But drove away like smoke—to Covent-Garden;
 There to some house convenient would have car-
 ry'd her,

And then—dear soul!—the devil should have
 marry'd her.

But this our Author thought too hard upon her,
 Besides, his spark, forsooth, must have some
 honour!

* The fool's a Fabulist!—and deals in fiction,
 Or he had giv'n him vice—without restriction.
 Of fable, all his characters partake,
 Sir Charles is virtuous—and for virtue's sake;
 Nor vain nor blust'ring is the Soldier writ,
 His Rake has conscience, modesty, and wit.
 The Ladies too!—how oddly they appear!
 His Prude is chaste, and his Coquet sincere:

* Mr. Moore was the Author of *The Fables for the Female
 Sex.*

In short, so strange a group ne'er trod the stage,
 At once to please, and satirize the age!
 For you, ye fair, his muse has chiefly sung,
 'Tis you have touch'd his heart, and tun'd his
 tongue.

The sex's champion, let the sex defend;
 A soothing Poet is a charming friend:
 Your favours here bestow'd, will meet reward,
 So as you love dear flatt'ry—save your Bard.

XI.

OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK at the Opening of
Drury-Lane Theatre, 8 Sept. 1750.

AS Heroes, States, and Kingdoms rise and fall,
So (with the mighty to compare the small)
'Thro' int'rest, whim, or if you please thro' fate,
We feel commotions in our mimic state :

The sock and buskin fly from stage to stage ;
A year's alliance is with us — an age !
And where's the wonder ? All surprize must
cease

When we reflect how int'rest or caprice
Makes real Kings break articles of peace.

Strengthen'd by new allies, our foes prepare ;
Cry havock ! and let slip the dogs of war.
To shake our souls, the * papers of the day
Drew forth the adverse pow'r in dread array ;
A pow'r might strike the boldest with dismay.

* In which papers was this paragraph :—" We hear that Mr. Quin, Mrs. Cibber, Mr. Barry, Mr. Macklin, and Mrs. Woffington, are engaged at Covent-Garden Theatre for the ensuing season."——On the part of Drury-lane Theatre it was notified, That two celebrated Actors from Dublin were engaged to perform there ; also Miss Bellamy and a new Actress, Signor Faufan, the comic dancer, and his wife, and a Gentleman to sing, who has not been on any stage.

Yet

Yet fearless still we take the field with spirit,
 Arm'd *cap-a-pé* in self-sufficient merit.
 Our ladies too, with souls and tongues untam'd,
 Fire up like Britons when the battle's nam'd:
 Each female heart pants for the glorious strife,
 From Hamlet's * mother, to the Cocker's wife. †
 Some few there are, whom paltry passions guide,
 Desert each day, and fly from side to side:
 Others, like Swifts, love fighting as their trade,
 For beat or beating—they must all be paid.

Sacred to SHAKESPEARE was this spot design'd,

To pierce the heart, and humanize the mind.
 But if an empty House, the Actor's curse,
 Shews us our Lears and Hamlets lose their force;
 Unwilling we must change the nobler scene,
 And in our turn present you Harlequin;
 Quit Poets, and set Carpenters to work,
 Shew gaudy scenes, or mount the vaulting Turk:
 For tho' we Actors, one and all, agree
 Boldly to struggle for our—vanity,
 If want comes on, importance must retreat;
 Our first great ruling passion is—to eat.
 To keep the field, all methods we'll pursue;
 The conflict glorious! for we fight for you:
 And should we fail to gain the wish'd applause,
 At least we're vanquish'd in a noble cause.

* Mrs. Pritchard.

† Mrs. Clive.

XII.

AN OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. CLIVE, at Drury-Lane Theatre,
October, 1750.

*(Enters hastily, as if speaking to one who would
oppose her.)*

I'LL do't, by heav'n I will!—pray get you
gone:

What! all these janglings, and I not make one!
Was ever woman offer'd so much wrong?

'These creatures here would have me hold my
tongue!

I'm so provok'd!—I hope you will excuse me:
I must be heard—and beg you won't refuse me.

While our mock heroes, not so wise as rash,

With indignation hold the vengeful lash,

And at each other throw alternate squibs,

Compos'd of little wit—and some few fibs,

I, Catherine Clive, come here t' attack 'em all,

And aim alike at *little* *, and at *tall* †.

But first, ere with the buskin chiefs I brave it,

A story is at hand, and you shall have it.

* Mr. Garrick.

† Mr. Barry.

Once

Once on a time, two boys were throwing dirt;
A gentle youth was one, and one was somewhat
pert :

Each to his master with his tale retreated,
Who gravely heard their diff'rent parts re-
peated,
How Tom was rude, and Jack, poor lad, ill-
treated. }

The master paus'd—to be unjust was loth ;
Call'd for a rod, and fairly whipt them both.
In the same master's place, lo ! here I stand,
And for each culprit hold the lash in hand.
First for our own—oh, 'tis a pretty youth !
But out of fifty lies I'll sift some truth.
'Tis true, he's of a choleric disposition,
And fiery parts make up his composition.
How have I seen him rave when things mis-
carried !

Indeed he's grown much tamer since he married.
If he succeeds, what joys his fancy strike !
And then he GETS—to which he's no dislike.
Faults he has many—but I know no crimes ;
Yes, he has one—he contradicts sometimes :.
And when he falls into his fraatick fit,
He blusters so, he makes e'en ME submit.
So much for him—The other youth comes next,
Who shews by what he says, poor soul, he's vext.
He tells you tales how cruelly THIS treats us,
To make you think the little monster beats us.

Would!

—Would I have whin'd in melancholy phrase,
* *How bouncing Bajazet retreats from Bayes ?*
I, who am woman, would have stood the fray,
At least not snivell'd thus, and run away!
Should any Manager lift arm at me,
I have a tyrant arm as well as he!—
In fact, there has some little bouncing been,
But who the bouncer was, enquire within.
No matter who — I now proclaim a peace,
And hope henceforth hostilities will cease :
No more shall either rack his brains to tease ye,
But let the contest be—who most shall please ye.

* A line in the Prologue spoken at Covent-Garden by Mr. Barry.

EPILOGUE to GIL BLAS.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD.

AS the success of Authors is uncertain,
Till all is over, and down drops the curtain;
Poets are puzzled in our dangerous times,
How to address you in their after-rhymes.
If they implore and beg with abject mind,
Their meanness rather makes you sick than kind.
And if they bounce and huff it to the town,
Then you are up—and take the bullies down.
Of beaux and politicks and such like stuff,
And e'en of tawdry too, you've had enough—
On all degrees from courtier to the cit,
Such stale dull jokes have been so often writ,
That nothing can be new—but decency and
wit.

Thus far our bard—The rest is mine to say,
I am his friend, so, will attack his play.

* A Comedy by Mr. Moore, acted at Drury-Lane, February 1751.

How

How could his thoughtless head with any truth
 (If Spanish Dons are like our English youth)
 Make his wild rake so sink from upper life,
 To quit his mistress for a lawful wife !
 The Author might have married him—but then
 He should have had his mistress back again.
 This is the scheme our English Dons pursue,
 Tho' one's too much, there's taste in having two.
 As for the lady, I dislike her plan,
 With you, I'm sure, she had not pass'd for man.
 Had she with our young bloods contriv'd this
 freak,
 She had been blown and ruin'd in a week.
 And if of virtue they could not have trick'd her,
 They'd damn'd her for a fool—perhaps have
 kick'd her.
 But jest apart—for all our bard has wrote,
 Our most alluring bait's the petticoat.
 Before that magick shrine the proudest fall,
 'Tis that enchanting circle draws in all.
 Let fools say what they will, experience teaches,
 'Tis best to marry first—then wear the breeches.

XIV.

PROLOGUE to TASTE:

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK, in the Character of
an Auctioneer.

BEFORE this Court I *Peter Puff* appear,
A Briton born, and bred an Auctioneer;
Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,
My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,
With much humility and fear implore ye,
To lay our present desp'rate case before ye.—

'Tis said this night a certain wag intends
To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends :
If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,
Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;
Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the
land,

Before you buy, be sure to understand,

* A Comedy in Two Acts, by Mr. Foote, acted at Drury-
Lane, January 1752.

Oh

Oh think on us what various ills will flow,
 When great ones only purchase—what they know.
 Why laugh at TASTE? It is a harmless fashion,
 And quite subdues each detrimental passion;
 The fair one's hearts will ne'er incline to man,
 While thus they rage for—china and japan.
 The Virtuoso too, and Connoisseur,
 Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
 The smallest hair their looser thoughts might
 hold,
 Just warm when single—and when married
 cold;
 Their blood at sight of beauty gently flows;
 Their Venus must be old, and want a nose!
 No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
 'Tis the complaint indeed of all our wives!
 'Tis said *Virtù* to such a height is grown,
 All artists are encourag'd—but our own.
 Be not deceiv'd, I here declare on oath,
 I never yet sold goods of *foreign* growth:
 Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome;
 My best antiquities are made at home.
 I've Romans, Greeks, Italians near at hand,
 True Britons all—and living in the Strand.
 I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
 They furnish out my room from Herculaneum.

But hush——
 Should it be known that English are employ'd,
 Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;

No

No matter what our countrymen deserve,
They'll thrive as antients, but as moderns starve.
If we should fall, to you it will be owing;
Farewel to Arts—they're going, going, going;
The fatal hammer's in your hand, oh Town!
Then fet Us up—and knock the Poet down.

P R O.

No. XV.

PROLOGUE to EUGENIA*.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

TO damn or not—that is the question now,
 Whether 'tis best to deck the Poet's brow;
 With hands and hearts unanimous befriend him,
 Or take up arms, and by opposing end him?
 But hold, before you give the fatal word,
 I beg that I, as counsel, may be heard;
 And what few counsel ever yet have done,
 I'll take no bribe, and yet plead *pro* and *con*.
 First for the town and us—I see some danger,
 Should you too kindly treat this reverend stran-
 ger;

If such good folks, these wits of graver sort,
 Should here usurp a right to spoil your sport;
 And curb our stage so wanton, bold and free!
 To the strict limits of their purity;
 Should dare in theatres reform abuses,
 And turn our actresses to pious uses!
 Farewel the joyous spirit-stirring scene!
 Farewel the—the—you guess the thing I mean!

* A Tragedy by Dr. Francis, acted at Drury-lane, February
 1752.

If this wise scheme, so sober and so new,
Should pass with us, would it go down with
you?

Should we so often see your well-known faces?
Or would the ladies send so fast for places;—

Now for the Author—His poetick brat
Throughout the town occasions various chat;
What say the snarlers?—'tis a French transla-
tion;

That we deny, but plead an imitation*;
Such as we hope will please a free-born nation.
His muse, tho' much too grave to dress or dance,
For some materials took a trip to France;
She owns the debt, nor thinks she shall appear,
Like our spruce youths, the worse for going
there:

Tho' she has dealt before in sportive song,
This is her first stage-flight, and 'twould be
wrong,
Nay, poaching too, to kill your bards too
young.

Poets, like foxes, make best sport when old,
The chase is good, when both are hard and bold;
Do you, like other sportsmen then, take heed,
If you destroy the whelps, you spoil the breed;
Let him write on, acquire some little fame,
Then hunt him, criticks, he'll be noble game.

* *Eugenia* was little more than a free translation of a French
Comedy called *Cenia*.

XVI.

PROLOGUE to the GAMESTER*.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

LIKE fam'd La Mancha's knight, who, launce
 in hand,
 Mounted his steed to free th' enchanted land,
 Our Quixote bard sets forth a monster-taming,
 Arm'd at all points, to fight that hydra—*gaming*.
 Aloft on Pegasus he waves his pen,
 And hurls defiance at the caitiff's den.
 The first on fancy'd giants spent his rage,
 But this has more than windmills to engage.
 He combats passion, rooted in the soul,
 Whose powers at once delight ye and controul;
 Whose magic bondage each lost slave enjoys,
 Nor wishes freedom, tho' the spell destroys.
 To save our land from this magician's charms,
 And rescue maids and matrons from his arms,
 Our knight poetic comes—And oh, ye fair!
 This black *enchanter's* wicked arts beware!
 His subtle poison dims the brightest eyes,
 And at his touch, each grace and beauty dies.

* A Tragedy, by Mr. Moore, acted at Drury-lane, January 1753.

Love,

Love, gentleness and joy, to rage give way,
 And the soft dove becomes a bird of prey.
 May this our bold advent'rer break the spell,
 And drive the dæmon to his native hell.

Ye slaves of passion, and ye dupes of France,
 Wake all your pow'rs from this destructive trance!
 Shake off the shackles of this tyrant vice:
 Hear other calls than those of cards and dice!
 Be learn'd in nobler arts, than arts of play,
 And other debts than those of honour pay.
 No longer live insensible to shame,
 Lost to your country, families and fame.

Could our romantic muse this work atchieve,
 Would there one honest heart in Britain grieve?
 Th' attempt, tho' wild, would not in vain be
 made,
 If ev'ry honest hand would lend its aid.

XVII.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. FOOTE, at Drury-lane Theatre,
October 1753.

THE many various objects that amuse
These busy curious times, by way of news,
Are plays, elections, murders, lott'ries, Jews; }
All these compounded fly throughout the na-
tion,

And set the whole in one great fermentation !
True British hearts the same high spirit shew,
Be they to damn a farce, or fight a foe.

One day for liberty the Briton fires,
The next he *flames*—for *Canning* or for *Squires* *.
In like extremes your laughing humour flows; }
Have ye not roar'd from Pit to Upper Rows,
And all the jest was, what ?—a fidler's nose †. }

* Elizabeth Canning, who at this time engaged the attention of the publick, by a story of a pretended robbery by Mary Squires, a Gipsy.

† The person here meant is Monf. Cervetti, who has been a standing joke, with the upper gallery, for a long time past, on account of the length of his nose ; but, as I am informed, no feature of his mind is out of proportion, unless it be that his good qualities are extraordinary, I take this opportunity to mention, that it is cruel to render him uneasy in the business, in which he is eminent, and by which he must get a livelihood.

Pursue

Pursue your mirth; each night the jest grows
stronger,

For as you fret the *man*, his nose looks longer.

Among the trifles which occasion prate,

Ev'n I, sometimes, am matter of debate.

Whene'er my faults or follies are the question,

Each draws his wit out, and begins dissection.

Sir *Peter Primrose*, smirking o'er his tea,

Sinks from himself, and politics, to me.

Papers, boy!—here, Sir!—*Tam*, what news to-day?

Foote, fir, is advertis'd—what, run away?

No, fir, he acts this week at Drury-lane;

How's that, (cries *Feeble Grub*) Foote come again?

I thought this fool had done his devil's dance;

Was not he hang'd some months ago in France?

Upstarts *Machone*, and thus the room harangu'd;

'Tis true, his friends gave out that he was hang'd,

But to be sure 'twas all a hum, because

I have seen him since—and after such disgrace

No gentleman would dare to shew his face.

To him reply'd a sneering bonny Scot,

Yew raisin reet, my frynd, haunged he was
not,

But neether you nor I caun tell how soon he'll

gaung to pot.

Thus each, as fancy drives, his wit displays;

Such is the tax each son of folly pays.

On this, my scheme, they many names bestow,
 'Tis fame, 'tis pride, nay worse—the pocket's
 low.

I own I've pride, ambition, vanity,
 And what is still more strange, perhaps you'll
 see,

Tho' not so great a portion of it—modesty.
 For you I'll curb each self-sufficient thought,
 And kiss the rod whene'er you point the fault.
 Many my passions are, tho' one my view,
 They all center—in the pleasing you.

XVIII.

PROLOGUE to VIRGINIA*.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

PROLOGUES, like compliments, are loss of
time,

'Tis penning bows, and making legs in rhyme ;

'Tis cringing at the door with simple grin,

When we should shew the company within——

So thinks our bard, who stiff in classic knowledge,

Preserves too much the buckram of the college---

Lord, sir, said I, an audience must be woo'd, }

And, lady-like, with flattery pursu'd, }

They nauseate fellows that are blunt and rude. }

Authors should learn to dance as well as write. }

Dance at my time of life ! Zounds what a fight ! }

Grown Gentlemen ('tis advertis'd) do learn by
night. }

Your modern Prologues, and such whims as
these,

The Greeks ne'er knew——turn, turn to So-
phocles ;

* A Tragedy, by Mr. Crisp, acted at Drury-lane, February
1754.

I read no Greek, fir——when I was at school,
 Terence had prologues---Terence was no fool:
 He had, but why? (reply'd the bard in rage) }
 Exotic monsters had possess'd the stage,
 But we have none in this enlighten'd age! }
 Your Britons now, from gallery to pit,
 Can relish nought but sterling, attic wit:
 Here take my play, I meant it for instruction, }
 If rhymes are wanting for its introduction, }
 E'en let that nonsense be your own production.
 Off went the poet—it is now expedient,
 I speak as manager, and your obedient.
 I, as your cat'rer, would provide you dishes,
 Dress'd to your palate, season'd to your wishes---
 Say but you're tir'd with boil'd and roast at
 home,

We too can send for *nicities* from Rome:
 To please your tastes will spare nor pains nor
 money,

Discard sirloins, and get you maccaroni.
 Whate'er new *gusto* for a time may reign,
 Shakespeare and beef must have their turn again.

If novelties can please, to-night we've two---
 Tho' English both, yet spare 'em as they're new.
 To one at least your usual favour shew ---
 A female asks it—can a man say no?——
 Should you indulge our * novice yet unseen,
 And crown her with your hands a tragic queen;

* This was Mrs. Graham, since the celebrated Mrs. Yates.
 The part she performed was Isclia.

Should

Should you with smiles a confidence impart,
To calm those fears which speak a feeling heart ;
Assist each struggle of ingenuous shame
Which curbs a genius in its road to fame ;
With one wish more, her whole ambition ends ;
She hopes some merit, to deserve such friends.

XIX.

EPILOGUE to the same PLAY.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

THE poet's pen can, like a conjurer's wand,
Or kill, or raise his heroine at command:
And I shall, spirit-like, before I sink,
Not courteously *enquire*, but *tell* you what you
think.

From top to bottom, I shall make you stare,
By hitting all your judgments to a hair!

And first with you above, I shall begin——

(Upper Gallery.

Good-natur'd souls, they're ready all to grin.
Tho' twelve-pence seat you there, so near the
cieling,

The folks below can't boast a better feeling.
No high-bred prudery in your region lurks,
You boldly laugh and cry, as nature works.

Says John to Tom—(ay, there they fit together,
As honest Britons as e'er trod on leather)

“ 'Tween you and I, my friend, 'tis very *wild*,

“ That old *Vergenus* should have stuck his
child:

“ I would

" I would have hang'd him for't, had I been
ruler,

" And duck'd that *Apus* too, by way of cooler."
Some maiden dames, who hold the middle floor,

(*Middle-gallery.*

And fly from naughty man at forty-four ;
With turn'd up eyes, applaud Virginia's 'scape,
And vow they'd do the same to shun a rape ;
So very chaste, they live in constant fears,
And apprehension strengthens with their years.

Ye bucks, who from the pit your terrors send,
Yet love distressed damsels to befriend ;
You think this tragic joke too far was carried ;
And wish, to set all right, the maid had married :
You'd rather see (if so the fates had will'd)
Ten wives be kind, than one poor virgin kill'd.

May I approach unto the *boxes*, pray—
And there search out a judgment on the play ?
In vain, alas ! I should attempt to find it—
Fine ladies *see* a play, but never *mind* it—
'Tis vulgar to be mov'd by *acted* passion,
Or form opinions, 'till they're fix'd by fashion.

Our author hopes, this fickle goddess, *mode*,
With us will make, at least, nine days abode ;
To present pleasure he contracts his view,
And leaves his future fame to time and you.

XX.

PROLOGUE to BARBAROSSA.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK in the Character of a
Country Boy.

Measter ! Measter !

IS not my measter here among ye, pray ?
Nay, speak ; my measter wrote this fine new
play.

The actor-folks are making such a clatter !
They want the pro-log. I know nought o' th'
matter !

He must be there among you ; look about ;
A weezen, pale-fac'd man ; do, find him out.
Pray, measter, come, or all will fall to sheame :
Call mister—hold—I must not tell his name.

Law ! what a crowd is here ! what noise and
pother !

Fine lads and lasses ! one o' top o' t'other.

(Painting to the rows of Pit and Gallery.

I could for ever here with wonder geaze !
I ne'er saw church so full in all my days !

* A Tragedy, by Dr. Browne, acted at Drury-lane, De-
cember 1754.

Your

Your servunt, Surs! — what do you laugh for?

Eh!

You donna take me sure for one o' th' play?
 You should not flout an honest country-lad;
 You think me fool, and I think you half mad:
 You're all as strange as I, and stranger too,
 And if you laugh at me, I'll laugh at you.

(*Laughing.*)

I donna like your London tricks, not I;
 And since you've rais'd my blood, I'll tell you
 why:

And if you wull, since now I am before ye,
 For want of pro-løg, I'll relate my story.

I came from country here to try my fate,
 And get a place among the rich and great;
 But troth I'm sick o' th' journey I ha' ta'en,
 I like it not—wou'd I were whoame again!

First, in the city I took up my station,
 And got a place with one of th' corporation,
 A round big man—he eat a plaguy deal,
 Zooks! he'd have beat five ploomen at a meal!
 But long with him I could not make abode,
 For, could you think't? he eat a great sea-toad!
 It came from Indies; 'twas as big as me;
 He call'd it *belly-patch* and *capapee*.

Law! how I star'd! I thought—who knows but I,
 For want of monsters, may be made a pye;
 Rather than tarry here for bribe or gain,
 I'll back to whoame, and country fare again.

I left

I left toad-eater ; then I farv'd a lord,
And there they promis'd ! but ne'er kept their
word.

While 'mong the great, this geaming work the
trade is,

They mind no more their servants, than their
ladies.

A lady next, who lik'd a smart young lad,
Hir'd me forthwith—but troth, I thought her
mad.

She turn'd the world top down, as I may say,
She chang'd the day to neet, the neet to day !
I was so sheam'd with all her freakish ways,
She wore her gear so short, so low her stays,
Fine folks shew all for nothing now-a-days !

Now I'm the poet's man—I find with wits,
There's nothing fartain—nay, we eat by fits.
Our meals, indeed, are slender—what of that ?
There are but three on's—measter, I, and cat.
Did you but see us all, as I'm a finner,
You'd scarcely say which of the three was thinner.

My wages all depend on this night's piece,
But should you find that all our swans are geese !
E'feck I'll trust no more to measter's brain,
But pack up all, and whistle whoame again.

XXI.

EPILOGUE to the same PLAY,

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD in the Character of
a Fine Gentleman.

Enter—speaking without.

'PSHAW ! damn your epilogue, and hold your
tongue—

Shall we of rank be told what's right and wrong ?
Had you ten epilogues, you should not speak 'em,
Tho' he had writ 'em all in *linguum Grecum*.
I'll do't, by all the gods ! (you must excuse me)
Tho' author, actors, audience, all abuse me !

(To the audience.

Behold a gentleman !—and that's enough !
Laugh if you please—I'll take a pinch of snuff !
I come to tell you (let it not surprise you)
That I'm a wit—and worthy to advise you.
How could you suffer that same country booby,
That pro-logue speaking savage, that great looby,
To

'To talk his nonsense?—give me leave to say,
'Twas low, damn'd low!—but save the fellow's
play :

Let the poor devil eat ; allow him that,
And give a meal to *measter, mon, and cat* ;
But why attack the fashions? senseless rogue !
We have no joys but what result from vogue :
The mode should all controll—nay, ev'ry passion,
Sense, appetite, and all, give way to fashion :
I hate as much as he, a turtle feast,
But 'till the present turtle-rage has ceas'd,
I'd ride a hundred miles to make myself a beast. }
I have no ears ; yet op'ras I adore !

Always prepar'd to die---to sleep---no more !
'The ladies too were carp'd at, and their dress,
He wants 'em all ruff'd up like good queen Bess !
'They are, forsooth, too much expos'd and free : }
Were more expos'd, no ill effects I see,
For more or less, 'tis all the same to me.
Poor gaming too, was maul'd among the rest,
That precious cordial to a high-life breast !
When thoughts arise, I always game or drink,
An English gentleman should never think—
The reason's plain, which ev'ry soul might hit
on——

What trims a Frenchman, oversets a Briton.
In us reflection breeds a sober sadness,
Which always ends in politics or madness :
I therefore now propose, by your command,
That tragedies no more shall cloud this land ;

Send

Send o'er your Shakespeares to the sons of France,
 Let *them* grow grave—let *us* begin to dance!
 Banish your gloomy scenes to foreign climes,
 Reserve alone to bless these golden times,
 A Farce or two — and Woodward's panto-
 mimes. }

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XVII.

PROLOGUE to the FAIRIES*.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

Enter—interrupting the Band of Musick.

A MOMENT stop your tuneful fingers, pray,
While *here*, as usual, I my duty pay.

(To the audience.)

Don't frown, my friends, (*to the band*) you
fool shall melt again ;

But, if not *there*, is felt each dying strain,
 Poor I shall *speak*, and you will *scrape* in vain.

To see me now, you think the strangest thing!

For, like friend Benedict, I cannot sing:

Yet in this prologue, cry but you *Coraggio!*

I'll *spea*k you both a *jig* and an *adagio*.

A Persian king, as Persian tales relate,

Oft' went disguis'd, to hear the people prate ;

So, curious I, sometimes steal forth incog.

To hear what critics croak of me—king Log.

Three nights ago, I heard a *tête à tête*

Which fix'd, at once, our English Operas' fate:

* An English Opera, by Mr. Garrick, taken from *Midsummer Night's Dream*, acted at Drury-lane, February 1755.

One was a youth born here, but flush from Rome;
 The other born abroad, but here his home;
 And first the *English foreigner* began,
 Who thus address'd the *foreign Englishman*:
 An English Opera! 'tis not to be borne;
 I, both my country, and their music scorn,
 Oh, damn their Ally Croakers, and their Early
 Horn. }

Signor si—bat sons—wors recitativo:

Il tutto, è bestiale e cativo,

This said, I made my exit, full of terrors!

And now ask mercy, for the following errors:

Excuse us first, for foolishly supposing;

* Your countryman could please you in com-
 posing;

An Op'ra too—play'd by an English band,

Wrote in a language which you understand—

I dare not say, WHO wrote it—I could tell ye,

To soften matters—Signor *Shakespearelli*:

This awkward drama (I confess th' offence)

Is guilty too, of poetry and sense,

And then the price we take—you'll all abuse it, }

So low, so unlike Op'ras—but excuse it,

We'll mend that fault, whenever you shall
 chuse it. }

Our last mischance, and worse than all the rest, }

Which turns the whole performance to a jest, }

Our singers are all well, and all will do their
 best. }

* It was composed by Mr. Smith.

But why should this rash fool, this Englishman,
Attempt an op'ra?—'tis the strangest plan!

Struck with the wonders of his master's art*,
Whose sacred dramas shake and melt the heart,
Whose heav'n-born strains the coldest breast in-
spire,

Whose chorus-thunder sets the soul on fire!
Inflam'd, astonish'd, at those magic airs,
When Sampson groans, and frantic Saul despairs,
The pupil wrote—his work is now before ye,
And waits your stamp of infamy, or glory!
Yet, ere his errors and his faults are known,
He says, those faults, those errors, are his own;
If through the clouds appear some glimm'ring
rays,

They're sparks he caught from his great master's
blaze!

* Mr. Smith was a pupil of Handell, and afterwards his
successor in the management of the Oratorios.

XXIII.

*PROLOGUE to BRITANNIA†,

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK, in the Character of
a Sailor, fuddled and talking to himself.

He enters, singing.

WELL, if thou art, my boy, a little mellow?
A sailer, half seas o'er—'s a pretty fellow!
What cheer ho? (*to the pit*) Zounds, I carry too
much fail—

No—tight and trim—I scud before the gale (*a*)
(*a*) *he staggers forward, then stops.*

But softly tho'—the vessel seems to heel:
Steady, steady, boy!—must not shew her keel.

* This prologue was written by Mr. Garrick and Mr. Mallet; and the copy inserted here, which was taken in short-hand, as it was spoke on the third night, and corrected the fourth, differs from the copy that has been printed and prefix'd to the Masque.

† A Masque, by Mr. Mallet, acted at Drury-lane, May 1755.

And now, thus ballasted, what course to steer?
 Shall I again to sea, and bang *Mounseer*?
 Or shall I stay and toil with *Sall* and *Sue*—
 Dost love 'em, boy? By this right hand I do!
 A well-rigg'd girl is surely most inviting:
 There's nothing better, except flip and fighting:
 I must not skulk; my country now commands!
 Shall I turn in, when honour pipes all hands?
 What! shall we sons of beef and freedom stoop,
 Or lower our flag to slavery and soup?
 What! shall these *parly-vous* make such a racket,
 And shall not we, my boys, well trim their jacket?
 What! shall Old England be a Frenchman's butt?
 When'er he shuffles, we should always cut.
 I'll to 'em, faith—Avast! before I go,
 Have I not promis'd *Sall* to see a show?

Pulls out a Play-bill.

From this same paper we shall understand
 What work's to-night—I read your printed hand!
 First let's refresh a bit—for faith I need it;
 I'll take one sugar-plumb (*b*) and then I'll read it.

(*b*) *Takes some tobacco.*

*He reads the play-bill of Zara,
 which was acted that evening.*

At the Theatre-Royal, Drury-Lane—
 will be presen-ta-ted a tragedy called—

S A R A H.

I'm glad 'tis Sarah, and a tragedy;
 For *Sall* will see her namesake, and for me,
 I'll sleep as sound, as if I were at sea.

I'll

I'll skip the names—I would not give a pin—
Damn all their actors, except Harlequin.

To which will be added, a new Masque.

Zounds! why a masque? we sailors hate grimaces:

Above board all, we scorn to hide our faces.

But what is here, so very large and plain?

BRI-TA-NIA—oh Britannia!—good again.

Huzza, boys! by the Royal George I swear,

Tom coxen, and the crew, shall strait be there.

All free-born souls must take Bri-ta-nia's part,

And give her three round cheers, with hand and
heart!

(Going off, he stops.

I wish you landmen, ho, would leave your tricks,

Your factions, parties, and damn'd politics:

And like us, honest tars drink, fight, and sing!

True to *yourselves*, your *country*, and your *king*!

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My hero is a youth, by fate design'd
 For culling simples, but whose stage-struck
 mind,
 Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
 A place there is where such young Quixotes
 meet;
 'Tis call'd the Spouting-Club; — a glorious
 treat!
 Where 'prentic'd Kings——alarm the gaping
 street!
 There Brutus starts and stares by midnight
 taper;
 Who all the day enacts—a woollen-drapeer.
 There Hamlet's ghost stalks forth with double
 fist:
 Cries out with hollow voice,—“ Lift, lift, O
 lift!”
 And frightens Denmark's Prince—a young
 tobacconist.
 The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
 Rises——a haberdasher to the fight!
 Not young attorneys——have this' rage with-
 stood,
 But change their pens for truncheons, ink for
 blood;
 And (strange reverse!) die for their country's
 good.
 Thro' all the town this folly you may trace;
 Myself am witness——'tis a common case.

I've

I've further proofs, could ye but think I wrong
ye;

Look round—you'll find some spouting youths
among ye.

To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
To bring 'em back to reason—and their shop,
To raise an harmless laugh was all my aim,
And, if I shun contempt, I seek not fame.
Indulge this firfling, let me but begin,
Nor nip me---in the buddings of my sin;
Some hopes I cherish; in your smiles I read 'em;
What'er my faults, your candour can exceed 'em.

XXV.

PROLOGUE to FLORIZEL and PERDITA, *

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

TO various things the stage has been compar'd,
As apt ideas strike each humorous bard :
This night, for want of better simile,
Let this our theatre a tavern be: }
The poets vintners, and the waiters we.
So (as the cant and custom of the trade is)
You're welcome, Gem'men, kindly welcome, Ladies.

To draw in customers, our bills are spread.

(Shewing a play-bill.

You cannot miss the sign, 'tis Shakespeare's
Head.

From this same head, this fountain-head divine,

For different palates springs a different wine !

In

* A Dramatick Pastoral, altered by Mr. Garrick, and acted at Drury-Lane, January 1756.

In which no tricks, to strengthen, or to thin
'em—

Neat as imported—no French brandy in 'em—

Hence for the choicest spirits flows Champaign ;

Whose sparkling atoms shoot thro' ev'ry vein,

Then mount, in magic vapours, to th' enrap-
tur'd brain !

Hence flow for martial minds potations strong,

And sweet love potions for the fair and young.

For you, my hearts of oak, for your regale,

(To the Upper Gallery.)

There's good old English stingo, mild and stale.

For high, luxurious souls, with luscious smack,

There's Sir John Falstaff, is a butt of sack :

And if the stronger liquors more invite ye,

Bardolph is gin, and Pistol aqua-vitæ.

But should you call for Falstaff, where to find
him.

* He's gone—nor left one cup of sack behind
him.

Sunk in his elbow-chair, no more he'll
roam ;

No more with merry wags to Eastcheap come ;

He's gone—to jest, and laugh, and give his
sack at home.

As for the learned Critics, brave and deep,

Who catch at words, and catching fall asleep ;

* Mr. Quin had then left the stage.

Who

Who in the storms of passion—hum and haw!
For such, our master will no liquor draw—
So blindly thoughtful, and so darkly read,
They take Tom Durfey's for the Shakespeare's
Head.

A vintner once acquir'd both praise and gain,
And sold much Perry for the best Champaign.
Some rakes this precious stuff did so allure,
They drank whole nights. What's that, when
wine is pure?

' Come, fill a bumper, Jack,——I will, my
Lord——

' Here's cream—damn'd fine—immense——upon
my word.

' Sir William, what say you—The best, believe
' me——

' In this——Eh Jack—the Devil can't deceive
' me.'

Thus the wise Critic too mistakes his wine,
Cries out, with lifted eyes——'Tis great! di-
vine!

Then jogs his neighbour, as the wonders strike
him;

This Shakespeare! Shakespeare! Oh, there's
nothing like him!

In this night's various and enchanted cup,
Some little Perry's mixt for filling up.

The

The five long acts, from which our three are
taken,

Stretch'd out to * sixteen years, lay by, forsaken.

Left then this precious liquor run to waste,

'Tis now confin'd and bottled for your taste.

'Tis my chief wish, my joy, my only plan,

To lose no drop of that immortal man.

* The action of the Winter's Tale, as written by Shakes-
peare, comprehends sixteen years.

XXVI.

A D I A L O G U E

Between an Actor and a Critick,

By way of PROLOGUE to the TEMPEST*.

<i>Heartly, the Actor,</i>	Mr. HAVARD.
<i>Wormwood, the Critic,</i>	Mr. YATES.

Wormwood and Heartly.

Worm. I say it is a shame, Mr. Heartly; and I am amazed that you let your good-nature talk thus, against the conviction of your understanding.

Heart. You won't let me talk, fir; if you would but have patience, and hear reason a little.

Worm. I wish I could, fir; but you put me out of all patience, by having no reason to give me. I say that this frittering and sol fa-ing our best poets, is a damn'd thing. I have yet heard no reason to justify it, and I have no patience when I think of it.

* An Opera, by Mr. Garrick, acted at Drury-lane, Feb. 1756.

Heart.

Heart. I see you have not—

Worm. What! are we to be quivered and quavered out of our senses? Give me Shakespeare, in all his force, vigour, and spirit! What! would you make an eunuch of him? No, *Shakespeare's* for my money.

Heart. Nay but, dear sir, hear me in my turn; or the truth, for which we are, or ought to be, so warmly fighting, will *slip thro' our fingers*.

Worm. Will you hold it when you have it? I say, Mr. Heartly, while you let your good-nature——

Heart. And I say, Mr. Wormwood, while you are to be influenced and blown up by paragraphs in news-papers, and insinuations in coffee-houses, we can never come to a fair debate. They who write upon all subjects, without understanding any, or will talk about musick, without ears or taste for it, are but very indifferent judges in our dispute.

Worm. Well, come on, Mr. *Sol-fa*, then—Let you and I fight it out; or, to speak in the musical phrase, let us have a *Duette* together; I'll clear up my pipes, and have at you. —Hem, hem——

Heart. With all my heart, tho' I'm afraid you'll make it a *Solo*, for you have not yet suffered the second part to come in.

Worm.

Worm. Ho! play away, fir—I'll be dumb—

Heart. Let us calmly consider this complaint of your's: If it is well founded, I will submit with pleasure; if not, you will.

Worm. Not submit with pleasure, I assure you; I never do.

Heart. You will at least have this satisfaction, that the sentence which will be given, whether for or against you, will be as indisputable, as it will be just.

Worm. I don't know what you mean: Nothing's indisputable, that I please to contradict, and nothing's just, that I please to call in question.

Heart. Look round *upon* the court, and if you can reasonably except against any one of the jury, I will give up the cause before trial.

Worm. O, ho! what, you are bribing the court before-hand with your flattery, are you?

Heart. There you are out again: our countrymen in a body, are no more to be *flatter'd* than *bully'd*, which I hope their enemies (who can do both) will be convinced of before they have done with them. But I wander from the question. To the point, fir: what are your objections to this night's entertainment?

Worm. I hate an Opera.

Heart. I dislike tye-wigs; but should I throw your's into the fire, because I chuse to wear a bag?

L

Worm.

Worm. Woe be to your bag if you did.

Heart. You hate musick, perhaps?

Worm. Damnably, and dancing too.

Heart. But why, pray?

Worm. They pervert nature. Legs are made for walking, tongues for speaking; and therefore capering and quavering are unnatural and abominable.

Heart. You like Shakespeare?

Worm. Like him! adore him! worship him! There's no capering and quavering in his works.

Heart. Have a care.

“ The man that has no musick in himself,
“ Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
“ Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils;
“ The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
“ And his affections dark as Erebus:
“ Let no such man be trusted.”

Worm. Fit for treason! dull as night! not to be trusted!—so you have proved me both a fool and a rebel.—Don't provoke me, Mr. Heartly, Shakespeare never wrote such stuff as that; 'tis foisted in by some fiddler or other.

Heart. You pay the fiddlers (as you call them) a very great compliment.

Worm. Did I? I am sorry for it; I did not mean it: were I to pay 'em—crabstick's the word.

Heart. For shame, Mr. Wormwood! Let me ask you a question: would you chuse that
your

your country should be excelled in any thing by your neighbours?

Worm. In manufactures—no—from the casting of cannon, to the making of pins; from the weaving of velvets, to the making of hop-sacks; but your capering and quavering only spoil us, and make *us* the jests, who *should* be the terrors of Europe.

Heart. But English musick, Mr. Wormwood—

Worm. English musick, or any musick, enervates the body, weakens the mind, and lessens the courage.

Heart. Quite the contrary.

Worm. Prove that, and I'll learn the gamut immediately; nay, bespeak me a pair of pumps, and I'll make one at the dancing academy for grown gentlemen.

Heart. Let us suppose an invasion!

Worm. Ha, ha, ha! an invasion!—musick and an invasion! they are well coupled, truly!

Heart. Patience, fir—I say, let us suppose ten thousand French landed.

Worm. I had rather suppose 'em at the bottom of the sea.

Heart. So had I——but that ten thousand are upon the coast.

Worm. The devil they are! What then?

Heart. Why then, I say, let but *Britons strike home*, or *God save the king*, be sounded in the ears of five thousand brave Englishmen,

with a protestant prince at the head of 'em, and they'll drive every monsieur into the sea, and make 'em food for sprats and mackarel.

Worm. Huzza! and so they will!—'Egad you're right; I'll say no more: *Britons strike home!* You have warm'd me and pleas'd me; nay, you have converted me. I'll get a place in the house, and be as hearty as the best of 'em for the musick of Old England! Sprats and mackarel! ha, ha, ha! that's good! excellent! I thank you for it; musick for ever! *Britons strike home! God save the King!*

Heart. The last thing I have to say will touch you as nearly, Mr. Wormwood—

Worm. You have touch'd me enough already; say no more; I am satisfy'd: I shall never forget sprats and mackarel.

Heart. We may boast, sincerely boast, of many excellent English composers; and would not you permit your countrymen to have the same encouragement as foreigners?

Worm. Encouragement! why I'll encourage them myself, man.

Heart. Where can they shew their talents, unless upon the English stages? and, if the managers of them will not give up a few nights to encourage English musick, our musical countrymen, Mr. Wormwood, would be of the number of those persons of merit, who are undeservedly neglected in this kingdom.

Worm.

Worm. But they shan't; I'll support 'em. I'll never more hearken to your club-speeches, and your dissertations, and news-paper essays. I see my error, but I'll make amends. Let us meet after it is over, and take a bottle to sprats and mackarel, eh, master Heartly, at the Shakespeare. I'll be with you. *Britons strike home.*

[*Exit singing.*]

Heart. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. Wormwood is now as much too violent in his zeal, as he was before in his prejudice. We expect not, ladies and gentlemen, that this night's performance should meet with success, merely because it is English. You would be as incapable of conceiving, as we of urging, such false and contracted notions; yet, on the other hand, let not our musical brethren be cast off, because fashion, caprice, or manners, too refin'd, may have given you prejudices against them.

Musick is the younger sister of poetry, and can boast her charms and accomplishments. Suffer not the younger then to be turned out of doors, while the elder is so warmly and deservedly cherished.

If worthy, you'll protect her, tho' distressed,	}
'Tis the known maxim of a British breast,	
Those to befriend the most, who're most oppressed.	

XXVII.

EPILOGUE to ATHELSTAN*.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

TO speak ten words, again I've fetch'd my
breath;

The tongue of woman struggles hard with death.
Ten words? will that suffice? ten words—no
more;

We always give a thousand to the score.

What can provoke these wits their time to
waste,

To please that fickle, fleeting thing, call'd taste?
It mocks all search, for substance has it none;
Like Hamlet's ghost—'Tis here—'Tis there—
'Tis gone.

How very few about the stage agree!
As men with different eyes a beauty see,
So judge they of that stately dame—Queen }
Tragedy.

The Greek-read critic, as his mistress holds
her,

And having little love, for trifles scolds her:
Excuses want of spirit, beauty, grace,
But ne'er forgives her failing, time and place.

* A Tragedy, by Dr. Brown, acted at Drury-lane, Feb. 1756.

How

How do our sex of taste and judgment vary?
 Miss 'Bell adores, what's loath'd by lady Mary:
 The first in tenderness a very dove,
 Melts, like the feather'd snow, at Juliet's love:
 Then, fighting, turns to Romeo by her side,
 "Can you believe that men for love have dy'd?"
 Her ladyship, who vaults the courser's back,
 Leaps the barr'd gate, and calls you Tom and
 Jack;

Detests these whinings, like a true virago;
 She's all for daggers! blood! blood! blood!
 Iago!

A third, whose heart defies all perturbations,
 Yet dies for triumphs, funerals, coronations!
 Ne'er asks which tragedies succeed, or fail,
 But whose procession has the longest tail.
 The youths, to whom France gives a new belief,
 Who look with horror on a rump of beef:
 On Shakespeare's plays, with shrugg'd-up shoulders
 stare,

These plays? They're bloody murders, *O barbare!*
 And yet the man has merit—*Entre nous*,
 He'd been damn'd clever, had he read *Bosſu*.
 Shakespeare read French! roars out a surly cit;
 When Shakespeare wrote, our valour match'd
 our wit:

Had Britons then been fops, queen Bess had
 hang'd 'em;

Those days, they never read the French—they
 bang'd 'em.

If taste evaporates by too high breeding.
 And eke is overlaid, by too deep reading;
 Left, then, in search of this, you lose your feeling,
 And barter native sense in foreign dealing;
 Be this neglected truth to Britons known,
 No tastes, no modes become you, but your own.

XXVIII.

PROLOGUE to LILLIPUT*.

Spoken by Mr. WOODWARD.

BEHOLD a conjuror—that's something new—
 For as times go, my brethren are but few.
 I'm come with magic ring, and taper wand,
 To waft you far from this your native land.
 Ladies don't fear, my coach is large and easy,
 I know your humours, and will drive to please
 ye;
 Gently you'll ride as in a fairy dream,
 Your hoops unsqueez'd, and not a bean shall
 scream.
 What, still disorder'd!—well, I know your
 fright;
 You shall be back in time for cards to-night;

* A Farce, by Mr. Garrick, acted at Drury-lane, December 1756.

Swift

Swift as queen Mab within her hazle nut,
 I'll set you safely down at Lilliput.
 Away we go—ge'up—ladies keep your places,
 And gentlemen—for shame—don't screw your
 faces.

Softly my imps and fiends—you critics there,
 Pray you sit still, or I can never steer,
 My devils are not the devils you need to fear. }
 Hold fast my friends above, for faith we spin it ;
 My usual rate's a thousand miles a minute.
 A statesman now, could tell how high we soar,
 Statesmen have been these airy jaunts before.
 I see the land—the folks—what limbs! what
 features!

There's lords and ladies too—the pretty creatures!

Now to your sight these puppets I'll produce,
 Which may, if rightly heeded, turn to use ;
 Puppets not made of wood, and play'd with wires,
 But flesh and blood, and full of strange desires.
 So strange, you'll scarce believe me should I tell,
 For giant vices may in pigmies dwell.

Beware you lay not to the conj'ror's charge,

That these in miniature are you in large :

To you these little folks have no relation,

As diff'rent in their manners as their nation, }

To shew your pranks requires no conjuration. }

Open your ears and eyes—your mouths be shut,
 England is vanish'd—(*waves his wand*)—Enter

Lilliput. [*Strikes the curtain and sinks.*]

P R O-

XXIX.

PROLOGUE to the MALE-COQUETTE*;

Or, 1757.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

WHY to this farce this title giv'n,
Of *Seventeen hundred fifty-seven*?
Is it a register of fashions,
Of follies, frailties, fav'rite passions?
Or is't design'd to make appear
How happy, good, and wise you were
In this same *memorable* year?
Sure, with our author wit was scarce,
To crowd so many virtues in a farce.
Perhaps 'tis made to make you stare,
Like cloths hung out at country fair,
On which strange monsters glare and grin,
To draw the gaping bumpkins in.
Tho' 'tis the genius of the age
To catch the eye with title-page;
Yet here we dare not so abuse ye——
We have some monsters to amuse ye.
Ye slaves to fashion, dupes of chance,
Whom fortune leads her fickle dance;

* A Farce, by Mr. Garrick, acted at Mr. Woodward's Benefit, Drury-lane, March 24, 1757.

Who,

Who, as the dice shall smile or frown,
 Are rich and poor, and up and down ;
 Whose minds eternal vigils keep ;
 Who, like Macbeth, have murder'd sleep ;
 Each modish vice this night shall rise,
 Like Banquo's ghost before your eyes ;
 While conscious you shall start and roar,
Hence horrid farce! we'll see no more.

Ye ladies too, maids, widows, wives,
 Now tremble for your naughty lives.

How will your hearts go pit-a-pat ?

" Bless me—Lord!—what's the fellow at ?

" Was poet e'er so rude before ?

" Why, sure, the brute will say no more——

" Again!—O Gad! I cannot bear——

" Here—you box-keeper—call my chair."

Peace, ladies, 'tis a false alarm :

To you our author means no harm ;

His female failings all are fictions,

To which your lives are contradictions.

Th' unnat'ral fool has drawn a plan,

Where women like a worthless man,

A fault ne'er heard of since the world began.

This year he lets you steal away ;

But if the next you trip or stray,

His muse, he vows, on you shall wait

In Seventeen hundred fifty-eight.

XXX.

PROLOGUE to the GAMESTERS*.

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK.

WHENE'ER the wits of France take pen in
hand,

To give a sketch of you and this our land,
One settled maxim thro' the whole you see,
To wit, their great superiority!

Urge what you will, they still have this to say,
That you who ape them, are less wise than they.
'Tis thus these well-bred letter-writers use us; }
They trip o'er here, with half an eye peruse us; }
Embrace us, eat our meat, and then—abuse us. }

When this same play was writ that's now before
ye,

The English stage had reach'd its point of glory!
No paltry thefts disgrac'd this author's pen, }
He painted English manners, Englishmen; }
And form'd his taste on Shakespeare and Old }
Ben. }

Then were French fashions, farces, quite un-
known;

Our wits wrote well, and all they writ their own.

* A Comedy altered from Shirley, by Mr. Garrick, and acted
at Drury-lane, December 1757.

These

These were the times when no infatuation,
 No vicious modes, no zeal for imitation,
 Had chang'd, deform'd, and sunk the British
 Nation. }

Should you be ever from yourselves estrang'd,
 The cock will crow to see the lion chang'd !
 To boast our liberty is weak and vain,
 While tyrant vices in our bosoms reign ;
 Not liberty alone a nation saves,
 Corrupted freemen are the worst of slaves.
 Let Prussia's sons each English breast inflame,
 O be our spirit, as our cause, the same !
 And as our hearts with one Religion glow,
 Let us with all their ardour drive the foe,
 As heav'n had rais'd our arm, as heav'n had
 giv'n the blow ! }

Would you rekindle all your antient fires,
 Extinguish first your modern vain desires.
 Still it is yours, your glories to retrieve ;
 Lop but the branches, and the tree shall live :
 With these erect a pile for sacrifice !
 And in the midst—throw all your cards and
 dice ;

Then fire the heap ; and as it sinks to earth,
 The British Genius shall have second birth !
 Shall Phoenix-like rise perfect from the flame ;
 Spring from the dust, and mount again to fame !

XXXI.

Part of a PROLOGUE to HARLEQUIN'S
INVASION*.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

BUT why a speaking Harlequin?—'tis wrong,
The wits will say, to give the fool a tongue:
When Lun† appear'd, with matchless art and
whim,
He gave the pow'r of speech to ev'ry limb;
'Tho' mask'd and mute, convey'd his quick in-
tent,
And told in frolic gestures all he meant.
But now the motley coat, and sword of wood,
Requires a tongue to make them understood.

* A Pantomime by Mr. Garrick, acted at Drury-lane, De-
cember 1759.

† The name assumed by Mr. Rich when he performed Har-
lequin.

PRO.

XXXII.

PROLOGUE to the DESART ISLAND*,

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK in the Character of a
Drunken Poet.

ALL, all shall out—all that I know and feel ;
I will by heav'n—to higher powers appeal !
No, no—they can't say that, with all their spite :
Ay, you may frown—(*looking behind the scenes*)

I'm at you, great and small ;

Your poet, players, manager and all !——

These fools within here swear that I'm in liquor :

My passion warms me——makes my utt'rance
thicker :

I totter too—but that's the gout and pain——

French wines and living high have been my bane.

From all temptations now I wisely steer me ;

Nor will I suffer one fine woman near me.

And this I sacrifice to give you pleasure ——

For you I've coin'd my brains——and here's the
treasure. [*Pulls out a manuscript.*

A treasure this of profit and delight !

And all thrown by for this damn'd stuff to-night :

* A Dramatic Poem, by Mr. Murphy, acted at Drury-lane,
January 1760.

This

This is a play would water ev'ry eye !
 If I but look upon't, it makes me cry :
 This play would tears from blood-stain'd soldiers
 draw,

And melt the bowels of hard-hearted law !
 Would fore and aft the storm-proof sailor rake ;
 Keep turtle-eating aldermen awake !
 Would the cold blood of ancient maidens thrill,
 And make ev'n pretty younger tongues lie still.
 This play not ev'n managers would refuse,
 Had heaven but giv'n 'em any brains to chuse !

[*Puts up his manuscript.*]

Your hard to-night, bred in the ancient school, }
 Designs and measures all by critic rule, }
 'Mongst friends—it goes no further—he's a }
 fool.

So very classic, and so very dull,
 His *Desart Island* is his own dear skull :
 No soul to make the play-house ring and rattle, }
 No trumpets, thunder, ranting, storms, and }
 battle !

But all your fine poetic prittle prattle.

The plot is this—A lady's cast away—
 Long before the beginning of the play,
 And they are taken by a fisherman,
 The lady and the child—'tis Bayes's plan— }
 So on he blunders—he's an Irishman.

'Tis

'Tis all alike—his comic stuff * I mean ;
 I hate all humour—it gives me the spleen ;
 So damn 'em both with all my heart, unsight
 unseen. }

But shou'd you ruin him, still I'm undone—
 I've try'd all ways to bring my Phœnix on---
(Shewing his play again.)

Flatter I can with any of our tribe—
 Can cut and slash—indeed I cannot bribe ;
 What must I do then ?—beg you to subscribe. }
 Be kind ye boxes, galleries, and pit—
 'Tis but a crown a piece, for all this wit :
 All sterling wit—to puff myself I hate —
 You'll ne'er supply your wants at such a rate !
 'Tis worth your money, I would scorn to wrong
 ye---

You smile consent—I'll send my hat among ye.
(Going, he returns.)

So much beyond all praise your bounties swell !
 Not my own tongue your gra-ti-tude can tell--- }
 “ A little flattery sometimes does well.” }

* On the same Evening *The way to keep Him* in three Acts
 was first produced.

XXXIII.

Conclusion to the PROLOGUE to POLLY
HONEYCOMBE*.

Spoken by Mr. KING †.

THUS of our Polly having lightly spoke,
Now for our Author! but without a joke.
Tho' wits and journals, who ne'er fibb'd before,
Have laid this bantling *at a certain door*,
Where laying store of faults, they'd fain heap
more;

I now declare it as a serious truth,
'Tis the first folly of a simple youth,
Caught and deluded by our harlot plays:---
Then crush not in the shell this infant *Bayes!*
Exert your favour to a young beginner,
Nor use the stripling like a batter'd sinner!

* A Dramatick Novel by Mr. Colman, acted at Drury-Lane, December 1760.

† These lines were written by Mr. Garrick, and added on its being reported that he was the Author of the Piece; a report, which he modestly supposed might be prejudicial to its success.

EPI.

XXXIV.

EPILOGUE to POLLY HONEYCOMBE.

Spoken by Miss POPE.

Enter, as POLLY, laughing—Ha! ha! ha!---

MY poor Papa's in woeful agitation---

While I, the cause, feel here, [*striking her bosom.*]
no palpitation---

We girls of reading, and superior notions,
Who from the fountain-head drink love's sweet
potions,

Pity our parents, when such passion blinds 'em,
One hears the good folks rave---One never minds
'em.

Till these dear books infus'd their soft ingredi-
ents,

Asham'd and fearful, I was all obedience.

Then my good father did not storm in vain,

I blush'd and cry'd---*I'll ne'er do so again:*

But now no bugbears can my spirit tame,

I've conquer'd fear---and almost conquer'd shame;

So much these dear instructors change and win us,

Without their *light* we ne'er should know what's
in us:

Here we at once supply our childish wants---

Novels are hotbeds for your forward plants.

M 2

Not

Not only sentiments refine the soul,
 But hence we learn to be the Smart and Drole;
 Each awkward circumstance for laughter serves,
 From nurse's nonsense to my mother's nerves :
 'Tho' parents tell us, that our genius lies
 In mending linnen and in making pies,
 I set such formal precepts at defiance
 That preach up prudence, neatness, and compliance :
 Leap these old bounds, and boldly set the pattern,
 To be a Wit, Philosopher, and Slattern.

O ! did all maids and wives my spirit feel,
 We'd make this topsy-turvy world to reel :
 Let us to arms ! our fathers, husbands, dare !
 Novels will teach us all the art of war :
 Our tongues will serve for trumpet and for drum ;
 I'll be your leader—General *Honeycombe* !

Too long has human nature gone astray,
 Daughters should govern, Parents should obey ;
 Man should submit the moment that he weds,
 And hearts of oak should yield to wiser heads :
 I see you smile, bold Britons ! but 'tis true :
 Beat you the French——but let your wives beat
 you.

XXXV.

PROLOGUE to the EARL of ESSEX*.

Spoken by Mrs. PRITCHARD, in the Character
of Queen Elizabeth.

If any here are Britons, but in name,
Dead to their country's happiness and fame,
Let 'em depart this moment—let 'em fly
My awful presence, and my searching eye!

No more your Queen, but upright judge I
come,

To try your deeds abroad, your lives at home;
Try you in ev'ry point, from small to great,
Your wit, laws, fashions, valour, church and
state!

Search you, as Britons ne'er were search'd before:
O tremble! for you hear the lion roar!

Since that most glorious time that here I reign'd,
An age and half!—what have you lost or gain'd?

Your wit, whate'er your poets sing or swear,
Since Shakespeare's time, is somewhat worse for
wear;

Your laws are good, your lawyers good of course;
The streams are surely clear, when clear the
source:

* A Tragedy, by Henry Brooke, Esq; acted at Drury-lane,
January 1761.

In greater store these blessings now are sent ye ;
 Where I had one attorney, you have twenty.
 Fa'hions, ye fair, deserve nor praise, nor b'ame,
 Unless they rise as foes to sense or shame ;
 Wear ruffs or gauze, but let your skill be such,
 Rather to shew too little than too much.
 As for your valour—here my lips I close—
 Let those who best have prov'd it—speak—your
 foes.

Your morals, church, and state are still behind,
 But soft—prophetic fury fills my mind.
 I see thro' time—behold a youthful hand *,
 Holding the sceptre of this happy land ;
 Whose heart with justice, love, and virtue
 fraught,

Born amongst Britons, and by Britons taught ;
 Shall make the barking tongues of faction cease,
 And weave the garland of domestic peace.
 Long shall he reign—no storms to beat his breast,
 Unruly passions, that disturb'd my rest !
 Shall live, the blessings he bestows to share,
 Reap all my glory, but without my care.

* It should be remembered that this Epilogue was spoken just
 after the accession of his present Majesty.

XXXVI.

EPILOGUE to EDGAR and EMMELINE*.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

OLD times, old fashions, and the fairies gone ;
 Let us return, good folks, to sixty-one ;
 To this blest time, ye fair, of female glory,
 When pleasures unforbidden lie before ye !
 No sp'rits to fright you now, no guardian elves,
 Your wise directors are—your own dear selves.
 And every fair one feels from old to young,
 While these your guides—you never can do
 wrong.

Weak were the sex of yore, their pleasures few ;
 How much more wise, more spirited are you !
 Would any Lady Jane, or Lady Mary,
 Ere they did this or that, consult a fairy ?
 Would they permit this saucy pigmy crew,
 For each small slip to pinch 'em black and blue ?
 Well may you shudder, for with all your charms,
 Were this the case, good heav'n, what necks and
 arms !

Thus did they serve our grandames heretofore :
 The very thought must make us moderns sore !

* A Fairy Tale, by Dr. Hawkefworth, acted at Drury-lane,
 January 1761.

Did their poor hearts for cards and dancing beat,
 These elves rais'd blisters on their hands and feet.
 Though Loo the game, and fiddles play'd most
 sweetly,

They could not squeeze dear Pam, nor foot Moll
 Peatly.

Were wives with husbands but a little wilful,
 Were they at that same Loo a little skilful;
 Did they with pretty fellows laugh or sport,
 Wear ruffs too small, or petticoats too short;
 Did they, no matter how, disturb their cloaths,
 Or, over-lillied, add a little rose!
 These spiteful fairies rattled round their beds,
 And put strange frightful nonsense in their heads!
 Nay, while the husband snor'd, and prudish aunt,
 Had the fond wife but met the dear gallant;
 Tho' lock'd the door, and all as still as night,
 Pop thro' the key-hole whips the fairy sprite,
 Trips round the room—"my husband!" madam
 cries—

"The devil!—where!" the frightened beau re-
 plies,

Jumps thro' the window—she calls out in vain;
 He, cur'd of love, and cool'd with drenching
 rain,

Swears—"d—n him if he'll e'er intrigue again!"

These were the tricks of old. But all allow,
 No childish fears disturb our fair ones now.
 Ladies, for all this trifling, 'twould be best
 To keep a little fairy in your breast;
 Not one that should with modern passions war,
 But just to tweak you—when you go too far.

XXXVII.

EPILOGUE to the ANDRIA.

Acted at Hackney School.*.

DAVUS speaks.

* BUT why act plays?—some formal Greybeard
cries;

I'll answer that, who am not over-wise:
To learn their lessons, and to play the fool,
Are the two great concerns of boys at school;
And our good masters, prudently discerning,
How much we lean to folly, more than learning,
Contriv'd these plays, by which the veriest dunce
May learn his book, and play the fool, at once.
For Greek and Latin we have small devotion,
Terence himself goes down a sickly potion;
But set us once to *act* him, never fear us;
Our qualms are gone, 'tis you are sick who hear
us.

Ne'er may our actors, when they quit the school,
Tread the great stage of life to play the fool.
No partial friends can there our faults conceal,
Should we play characters we cannot feel.
If we act law—are judges!----*then are We*
Like Justice, blind---as council, we may see
Enough to know the colour of a fee.

}

* About the year 1761.

In

In Physic—Practice is our best adviser,
 'The more we're puzzled, we must seem the wiser.
 If war's our trade, and we vain, blust'ring,
 young,

Should, Thrafo-like, fight battles with our
 tongue,

Soon 'twould appear how ill these airs became us;
 The foe comes on—*quid nunc? quin redeamus.*

In short, be what we may, experience teaches
 This truth—One deed is worth a thousand
 speeches.

John Moody of Sir Wronghead well has told it,
 He can speak stawtly, but he canna' hawld it.
 'This for myself and school!—Now let me say,
 Why with these English rhimes we close our
 play :

Ladies, for you they're meant—I feel, to you,
 Small as I am, that great respect is due :

Quit of my Grecian servitude, I crave
 Still to be English Davus—and your slave.

To succour helpless damsels is my plan,
 If you should want me, ladies, I'm your man.

Should stubborn age your tender hearts provoke,

“ I soften rocks, and bend the knotted oak :”

Or should false swains for other nymphs forsake
 ye,

Stay a few years, and I'll be proud to take ye.

If in your smiles we approbation read,

'Tis done already—I'm a man indeed.

XXXVIII.

P R O L O G U E

Spoken at Drury-Lane, June 4th, 1761, on
closing the Season.

WHILE all is Feasting, Mirth, Illumination,
And but one wish goes thro' this happy nation;
While songs of triumph mark the golden time,
Accept, for once, our grateful thanks in rhyme,
In plain, but honest language, void of art;
Simplicity's the rhet'ric of the heart.

We shun poetic ornaments; we scorn 'em;
Your bounties want no fiction to adorn 'em:
Tho' in continu'd streams your favours flow'd,
We still have ask'd, and you have still bestow'd;
Have granted each petition o'er and o'er,
Yet we, like other beggars---ask for more.
What can we ask, blest with such favours past?
This only---that those favours still may last.

May this day's joy return with many a year,
And, when it comes, with added joys appear!
May Art and Science reach the topmost heights,
May ev'ry muse prepare for nobler flights!
May every blessing every hour encrease,
And all be crown'd with that chief blessing,

Peace!

May

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May he, that BRITON BORN*, who glads all
 hearts,
Who to this land unbounded love imparts,
Unites each party, every art befriends,
And ev'n to this poor spot a smile extends;
May he in Fame our warmest hopes outrun,
As you in happiness—for both are one!
O may the Summer answer to the Spring,
And that it may, good heav'n—LONG LIVE THE
 KING!

* Alluding to a sentence in his Majesty's first Speech to his
Parliament—"Born and educated in this country, I glory in
"the name of Briton."

XXXIX.

EPILOGUE to ALL IN THE WRONG*.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

BLESS me, this summer work is so fatiguing!
And then our play's so bustling, so intriguing!
Such missing, fighting, scolding, all together,
These love affairs suit best in colder weather.

* A Comedy, by Mr. Murphy, acted at Drury-lane, June
1761, while that Theatre was under the management of him-
self and Mr. Foote.

At

At this warm time these writers should not treat
 you
 With too much love and passion---for they heat
 you ;

Poets like weavers should with taste and reason
 Adapt their various goods to every season---
 For the hot months the fanciful and slight,---
 For mind and body something cool and light :
 Authors themselves, indeed, neglect this rule,
 Dress warm in summer, and at Christmas cool.
 I told our author, that these five act plays
 Were rich brocades unfit for sultry days.
 Were you a cook, said I, would you prepare
 Large hams and roasted surloins for your fare ?
 Their very smoke would pall a city glutton---
 A tragedy ! would make you all unbutton !
 Both appetites now ask for daintier picking,
 Farce,—Pantomime,—cold lamb,—or white-
 legg'd chicken.

At Ranelagh,—fine rolls and butter see !
 Signior Tenducci, and the best green tea—
 Italian singing is as light as feather,
 Beard is too loud, too powerful for this weather.
 Vauxhall more solidly regales your palates,
 Good wine, cantatas, cold boil'd beef and bal-
 lads.

What shall we do your different tastes to hit ?
 You relish satire [*to the pit*] you ragouts of wit—

[*To the Boxes.*

Your

Your taste is humour and high-season'd joke,

[*First gallery.*

You call for hornpipes, and for hearts of oak,

[*Second gallery,*

O could I wish and have—A conjuring man

Once told my fortune—and he charm'd this fan—

Said with a flirt—I might enjoy my wish!

If so, I'll give you, Sirs, an English dish.

If I like Harlequin have power o'er men,

I'll flirt and wish, and wish and flirt again—

Come then a song (*flirts and musick is heard*) in-

deed! I see 'twill do;

Take heed gallants, I'll play the deuce with---
you---

Whene'er I please, will charm you to my fight,

And tear a fan with flirting every night.

Singers then entered and sung the following song.

YE critics above, and ye critics below,

Ye finer-spun critics who keep the mid row,

Oh, tarry one moment, I'll sing you a song,

Shall prove that like us---You are all in the
wrong.

Sing tantara rara, wrong all, wrong all,

Sing tantara rara, all wrong.

Ye poets who mount on the fam'd winged steed,

Of prancing, and wincing, and kicking take heed;

For

For when by those hornets, the critics, he's stung,
You are thrown in the dirt—And are all in the
wrong.

Sing Tantara rara, &c.

Ye actors who act what these writers have writ,
Pray stick to your poet, and spare your own wit;
For when, with your own, you unbridle your
tongue,

I'll hold ten to one—You are all in the wrong.

Sing Tantara rara, &c.

Ye knaves who make news for the foolish to read,
Who print daily slanders, the hungry to feed;
For a while you mislead 'em, the news-hunting
throng,

But the pillory proves—You are all in the wrong.

Sing Tantara rara, &c.

Ye grave politicians, so deep and so wise,
With your hums, and your shrugs, and your up-
lifted eyes,

The road that you travel is tedious and long,
But I pray you jog on—You are all in the wrong.

Sing Tantara rara, &c.

Ye happy fond husbands, and fond happy wives,
Let never suspicions embitter your lives;
Let your prudence be stout, and your faith be as
strong;

Who watch, or who catch—They are all in the
wrong.

Sing Tantara rara, &c.

Ye

Ye unmarried folks, be not bought or be sold;
Let age avoid youth, and the young ones the old;
For they'll soon get together, the young with the
young,
And then my wife old ones—You're all in the
wrong.

Sing Tantara rara, &c.

Ye soldiers and sailors who bravely have fought,
Who honour, and glory, and laurels have brought;
Let your foes but appear, you'll be at them ding-
dong,
And if they come near you——They're all in
the wrong.

Sing Tantara rara, &c.

Ye judges of taste to our labours be kind,
Our errors are many, pray wink or be blind;
Still find your way hither, to glad us each night,
And our note we will change to——You're all
in the right.

Sing tantara rara, right all, right all,

Sing Tantarara, right all.

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* A
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XL.

EPILOGUE to HECUBA*.

Spoken by Miss BRIDE.

STRIPP'D of my tragic weeds, and rais'd from
death,

In freedom's land, again, I draw my breath:

Tho' late a Trojan ghost, in Charon's ferry,

I'm now an English girl, alive, and merry!

Hey! Presto! I'm in Greece a maiden slain.

Now! stranger still! a maid in Drury-lane!

No more by barb'rous men, and laws confin'd,

I claim my native right—to speak my mind.

Tho' poring pedants should applaud this piece,

Behold a champion—foe profess of Greece!

I throw my gauntlet to the critic race:

(Throws down her glove.

Come forth, bold Grecians!—Meet me face to
face!

Come forth, ye men of learning, at my call!

Learning! a little feeling's worth it all!

And you of Taste, and Fashion, I defy!

(Throws down another glove.

But hold—you hate the Greek as much as I;

* A Tragedy, by Mr. Delap, acted at Drury-lane, December 1761.

Then, let us join our force, and boldly speak—
 That English, ev'ry thing surpasses Greek.
 Kill a young virgin, to resist unable !
 Kill her, like house-lamb, for a dead man's
 table !

Well may you tremble, ladies, and look pale !
 Do you not shudder, parents, at this tale ?
 You sacrifice a daughter now and then,
 To rich, old, wither'd, half-departed men ;
 With us, there's no compulsive law, that can
 Make a live girl to wed a quite dead man !
 Had I been wedded to some ancient King !
 I mean a Grecian——Ancient's not the thing ;
 'Then had our bard made ample reparation !
 Then had you seen a Grecian Coronation !
 Sneer not, ye critics, at this rage for show,
 'That honest hearts at Coronations glow* !
 Nor snarl that our faint copies glad their eyes,
 When from the thing itself such blessings rise.

* At this time the town was entertained with representations
 of the Coronation at both the Theatres.

P R O.

XLI.

PROLOGUE upon PROLOGUES
to The MUSICAL LADY*.

Spoken by Mr. KING.

AN old trite proverb let me quote !
 As is your cloth, so cut your coat.—
 To suit our Author and his Farce,
 Short let me be ! for wit is scarce.
 Nor would I shew it, had I any,
 The reasons why are strong and many.
 Should I have wit, the piece have none,
 A flash in pan with empty gun,
 The piece is sure to be undone.
 A tavern with a gaudy sign
 Whose bush is better than the wine,
 May cheat you once—Will that device,
Neat as imported, cheat you twice ?

'Tis wrong to raise your expectations :
 Poets be dull in dedications !
 Dulness in these to wit prefer—
 But there indeed you seldom err.
 In prologues, prefaces, be flat !
 A silver button spoils your hat.
 A thread-bare coat might jokes escape,
 Did not the blockheads lace the cape.
 A case in point to this before ye,
 Allow me, pray, to tell a story !

* A Farce, by Mr. Colman, acted at Drury-lane, March 1762.

To turn the penny, once, a wit,
 Upon a curious fancy hit;
 Hung out a board, on which he boasted,
Dinner for Three-pence! Boil'd and roasted!
 The hungry read, and in they trip
 With eager eye and smacking lip:
 "Here, bring this boil'd and roasted, pray!"
 —Enter *Potatoes*—dress'd *each way*.
 All star'd and rose, the house forsook,
 And damn'd the dinner—kick'd the cook,
 My landlord found (poor *Patrick Kelly*)
 'There was no joking with the belly.

These facts laid down, then thus I reason:
 —Wit in a prologue's out of season—
 Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
 Like Cock-lane folks for Fanny's scratching*,
 And here my simile's so fit!

For Prologues are but Ghosts of wit;
 Which mean to shew their art and skill,
 And scratch you to their Author's will.

In short, for reasons great and small,
 'Tis better to have none at all:
 Prologues and Ghosts—a paltry trade!
 So let them both at once be *laid*!
 Say but the word—give your commands—
 We'll tie our prologue-monger's hands:
 Confine these culprits (*holding up his hands*) bind
 'em tight,
 Nor Girls can scratch, nor Fools can write.

* At this time the Publick was amused with the ridiculous
 imposition of the Cock-lane Ghost.

T H E

THE
FARMER'S RETURN

FROM
L O N D O N.

AN
INTERLUDE*.

* Acted at Drury-lane, March 1762, at Mrs. Pritchard's
Benefit.

N 3

PER.

PERSONS of the INTERLUDE.

<i>Farmer,</i>	-	-	Mr. GARRICK.
<i>Wife,</i>	-	-	Mrs. BRADSHAW.
<i>Sally,</i>	}	-	Miss HEATH.
<i>Dick,</i>		Children,	Master POPE.
<i>Ralph,</i>			Master CAPE.

SCENE, *The Farmer's Kitchen.*

XLII.

T H E

Farmar's Return from London.

Enter WIFE (hastily.)

WHERE are you, my children?—why Sally,
Dick, Raaph!

Enter Children running.

Your father is come! heaven blefs him! and ~~the~~.

Enter FARMER.

O Jahn! my heart dances with joy thou art come.

FARMER.

And troth so does mine, for I love thee and
whoam. (*Kisses*)

WIFE.

Now kifs all your children—and now me agen.

(*Kisses*)

O blefs thy sweet face! for one kifs, gi' me ten.

FARMER.

Keep some for anon, Dame! you quoit stop my
breath!

You kill me wi' koindness; you busf me to death:

N^o 4

Enough,

Enough, love!—enough is as good as a feast:
Let's ha' some refreshment for me and my beest.
Dick, get me a poipe. [*Exit Dick*] Raaph, go
to the mare;

Gi' poor wench some oaats. [*Exit Ralph*] Dame,
reach me a chair.

Sal, draw me some aal, to wash the dirt down,
(*Exit Sal.*)

And then I will tell you---of London fine town.
(*Sits down.*)

WIFE.

O Jahn! you've been from me, the lord knows }
how long! }

Yo've been with the false ones, and done me }
some wrong: }

FARMER.

By the zooks but I han't; so hold thy fool's }
tongue. }

Some *tittups* I saw, and they maade me to stare!
'Trick'd noice out for saale, like our cattle at
fair:

So tempting, so fine! and i'cod very cheap; }
But, Bridget, I know, as we sow we must reeap, }
And a cunning old ram will avoid rotten sheep. }

Enter Dick, with a pipe and a candle, and
Sal, with some ale.

WIFE.-

But London, dear Jahn!

FARMER.

Is a fine hugeous city!

Where the geese are all swans, and the fools are
all witty.

WIFE.-

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WIFE.

Did you see ony Wits ?

FARMER.

I look'd up and down,
But 'twas labour in vain; they were all out of
town.

I ask'd for the maakers o' news, and such things !
Who know all the secrets of kingdoms, and
kings !

So busy were they, and such matters about,
That six days in the seven they never stir out.
Koin'd souls ! with our freedom they make such a
fuss,

That they lose it themselves to bestow upon us.

WIFE.

But was't thou at Court, Jahn ? What there hast
thou seen ?

FARMER.

I saw 'em---heav'n blefs 'em---you know who I
mean.

I heard their healths pray'd for, agen and agen,
With proviso that *One* may be sick now and then.
Some looks speak their hearts, as it were with a
tongue---

O Dame ! I'll be damn'd if they e'er do us
wrong :

Here's to 'em---blefs 'em boath !---do you take
the jug ;

Woud't do their hearts good---I'd swallow the
mug. (*Drinks.*)

FARMER.

Come, pledge me, my boy. (*To Dick*). Hold,
lad, halt nothing to say?

DICK.

Here, Daddy, here's to 'em! (*Drinks*)

FARMER.

Well said, Dick, boy!

DICK.

Huzza!

WIFE.

What more didst thou see, to beget admiration?

FARMER.

The city's fine show: but first the Crownation!

'Twas thof all the world had been there with
their spouses;

There was street within street, and houses on
houses!

I thought from above, (when the folk fill'd the
pleaces)

The streets pav'd with heads, and the walls made
of seaces!

Such juffling and buffling! 'twas worth all the
pothor.

I hope from my soul, I shall ne'er see another.

SAL.

Dad, what did you see at the pleays, and the
shows?

FARMER.

What did I see at the pleays and the shows?

Why bouncing and grinning, and a pow'r of
fine cloaths;

From

From top to the bottom 'twas all 'chanted ground,
Gold, painting, and musick, and blaazing all
round !

Above 'twas like Bedlam, all roaring and rat-
tling !

Below, the fine folk were all curts'ying and
prattling :

Strange jumble together — Turks, Christians,
and Jews !

At the Temple of Folly, all crowd to the pews—
Here too doizen'd out, where those same freakish
ladies,

Who keep open market,---tho' smuggling their
tread is.

I saw a new play too-----They call'd it *The
School*——

I thought it pure stuff——but I thought like
a fool——

'Twas *The School of* *---pize on it !---my mem'ry
is naught——

The greaat ones dislik'd it ; they heate to be
taught :

The *cratticks* too grumbled ; I'll tell you for whoy,
They wanted to laugh—and were ready to croy.

WIFE.

Pray what are your *cratticks* ?

FARMER.

Like watchmen in town,
Lame, feeble, half-blind, yet they knock poets
down.

* *The School for Lovers*, a Comedy by Mr. Whitehead, acted
at Drury-lane, 1762.

Like

Like old Justice Wormwood—a crattick's a man,
That can't sin himself, and he heates those that
can.

I ne'er went to opras ! I thought it too grand,
For poor folk to like what they don't understand.
The top joke of all, and what pleas'd me the
moast,

Some wise ones and I sat up with a ghoast.

WIFE and CHILDREN.

A ghoast ! — (*starting.*)

FARMER.

Yes, a ghoast !

WIFE.

I shall swoond away, love !

FARMER.

Odzooks ! thou'rt as bad as thy betters above !
With her nails, and her knuckles, she answer'd
so noice !

For *Yes* she knock'd *Once*, and for *No* she knock'd
Twice.

I ask'd her *one* thing—

WIFE.

What thing ?

FARMER.

If yo', Dame, was true ?

WIFE.

And the poor soul knock'd *one*.

FARMER.

By the zounds it was *two*.

WIFE.

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WIFE.

I'll not be abus'd, Jahn. (*Cries*)

FARMER.

Come, prithee no croying,
The ghoast, among friends, was much giv'n to
loying.

WIFE.

I'll tear out her eyes——

FARMER.

I thought, Dame, of matching
Your neails against hers—for you're both good at
scratching.

They may talk of the country, but, I say, in
town,

Their throats are much woider, to swallow things
down.

I'll uphold, in a week——by my troth I don't
joke——

That our little Sall shall fright all the town folk.
Come, get me some supper—But first let me peep
At the rest of my children—my calves and my
sheep. (*Going*)

WIFE.

Ah! Jahn!

FARMER.

Nay, chear up; let not ghoasts trouble thee—
Bridget! look in thy glafs—and *there* thou
may'st see,
I defie mortal man to make cuckold o' me.

[*Exeunt.*]

E P I-

XLIII.

EPILOGUE to ELVIRA*.

Spoken by Mrs. CIBBER.

LADIES and Gentlemen—'tis so ill bred—
We have no Epilogue, because I'm dead;
For he, our bard, with frenzy-rolling eye,
Swears you shan't laugh, when he has made you
cry.

At which I gave his sleeve a gentle pull,
Suppose they should not cry, and should be dull;
In such a case, 'twould surely do no harm,
A little lively nonsense taken warm;
On critic stomachs delicate and queasy,
'Twill ev'n make a heavy meal sit easy.

The town hates Epilogues—it is not true,
I answer'd that for you—and you—and you—

[*To Pit, Boxes, and 1st Gal.*]

They call for Epilogues and hornpipes too.

[*To the Upper Gal.*]

Madam, the critics say,—to you they're civil,
Here, if they have 'em not, they'll play the
devil.

Out of this house, sir, and to you alone,
They'll smile, cry bravo! charming!—Here
they groan :

* A Tragedy, by Mr. Mallet, acted at Drury-lane, January
1763.

A single critic will not frown, look big,
 Harmless and pliant as a single twig,
 But crouded here they change, and 'tis not odd,
 For twigs, when bundled up, become a rod.
 Critics to bards, like beauties to each other,
 When tete-a-tete their enmity they smother ;
 " Kifs me, my dear—how do you?—charming
 creature !

" What shape ! what bloom ! what spirit in
 each feature !

" You flatter me—'pon honor, no.—You do—

" My friend—my—Dear sincerely yours——
 adieu !"

But when at routs, the dear friends change their
 tone ;

I speak of foreign ladies, not our own.

Will you permit, good sirs, these gloomy folk
 To give all tragedy without one joke ?

They gravely tell us, Tragedy's design'd

To purge the passions, purify the mind ;

To which I say, to strike those blockheads dumb,

With physic always give a sugar plumb ;

I love these sugar-plumbs in prose or rhimes ;

No one is merrier than myself sometimes ;

Yet I, poor I, with tears and constant moan,

Am melted down almost to skin and bone :

This night, in sighs and sobs I drew my breath ;

Love, marriage, treason, prison, poison, death,

Were scarce sufficient to complete my fate ;

Two children were thrown in to make up weight.

With

With all these sufferings, is it not provoking,
To be deny'd at last a little joking?
If they will make new laws, for mirth's sake
break 'em,
Roar out for Epilogues, and let me speak 'em.

XLIV.

ADDRESS to the TOWN,

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK* in the Character of
the Busy Body.

SINCE my good friends, tho' late, are pleas'd
at last,
I bear with patience all my suff'rings past;
To you who saw my suff'rings, it is clear,
I bought my secrets most confounded dear.
To any gentleman not over nice,
I'll sell 'em all again, and at half price †.
Would I had been among you! for no doubt,
You all have secrets, could I find them out.
Each has a secret fitted to his fancy;
My friends above there---honest John and Nancy!

* About March 1763.

† This Address was spoken just after the dispute relating to
the admission of persons into the Theatres at half prices had
been finally settled.

How well their secrets with their passions suit,
 Hearts full of love, and pockets full of fruit,
 Each jolly sailor thus his mistress grapples,
 They look, and laugh, and love, and—eat their
 apples.

So good or wise this precious town is growing,
 There's scarce a secret here, that's worth the
 knowing ;

Nay, where a hungry mind expects a feast,
 'Mongst politicians—it will get the least.
 They promise much—seem full—stare, nod and
 pout,

But tap 'em, and the devil a drop comes out.
 In short, I'll give this busy business over,
 Where much is felt, and little to discover ;
 But should the ladies wish, or want t' employ me,
 I should be proud and pleas'd if they would try
 me.

To manage meetings, or to slip a letter,
 There's no French millener can do it better.
 As for the gentleman—the rake, or beau—
 I would not give 'em that—for all they know ;
 Indeed for secrets there are none excel 'em,
 But then they make 'em, and when made, they
 tell 'em.

There is one secret still remains behind,
 Which ever did, and will distract my mind—
 I'd give up all for that—nay, fix for ever,
 To find the secret—to deserve your favour.

XLV.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. LOVE, on opening the new
Theatre on Richmond-Green *.

THE ship now launch'd with necessaries stor'd,
Rigg'd, mann'd, well built, and a rich freight
on board,

All ready, tight and trim, from head to poop,
And *by commission* make a *royal sloop* ;
May heav'n from tempests, rocks, and privateers,
Preserve The Richmond!—give her, boys, three
cheers! *(three buzzas behind.*

Queen Mab, our Shakespeare says, and I believe
him,

In sleep haunts each vain mortal to deceive him;
As in her hazle nut she lightly trips,
By turns o'er eyes, ears, fingers, nose, and lips,
Each quicken'd sense such sweet enchantment
seizes,

We hear, see, smell, taste, touch—whate'er she
pleases.

Look round this house, and various proof you'll
see,

Strong glaring proofs, that Mab has been with
me.

* 15th June, 1765.

She

She caught me napping, knew where I was vain,
And tickled every fibre of my brain :

Deep in my musing (deep as I was able)

Methought I saw her driving tow'rd's my table,

She whisk'd her chariot o'er my books and shelves,

And at my standish stopp'd her tiny elves :

What are you scribbling there?—quick, let me see !

Poh !—leave this nonsense, and along with me.

I grinning bow'd—*Bright star of Lilliput,*

Shall I not crowd you in your hazle nut ?

She smil'd, and shewing me a large-siz'd hamper,

Get into this, my friend, and then we'll scamper ;

I for this frolick wanting quick digestion,

Sent to my tongue, post-haste, another question ;

But crack she went, before that I could ask it,

She, in her stage—I, Falstaff, in the basket :

She wav'd her wand, then burst in fits of laughter,

To see me rowling, bowling, tumbling after ;

And I laugh'd too. Could you of laughing fail

To see a Minnow towing of a whale ?

At last we rested on a hill hard by,

With a sweet vale to feast the glutton eye :

I'll shew you more, she said, to charm and move us,

And to the gardens, quick as thought, she drove

us ;

Then pointing to the shade—*there, there they are,*

Of this most happy isle the happiest pair !

Oh ! may those virtuous raptures never cease,

Nor public cares disturb their private peace !

She sigh'd—and like the lightning was she seen
 To drive her chariot o'er this fav'rite green;
 Strait to this spot—where she infus'd such things
 Might turn the heads of twenty play-house kings.
 But fear, dispersing all my golden dream,
 And I just entering on this fairy-scheme;
 With wild surprize I cast my eyes about,
 Delusion ends, and now I wake to doubt:
 O may the dream be realiz'd by you!
 Your frowns or smiles can make this false or true.

XLVI.

The OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. KING at the Opening of Drury-
 Lane Theatre, September 1765.

[*Enter, reading a Subscription.*]

I'M right—your servant, sirs---th' Address is
 plain----

To the high court of critics, Drury-lane.
 Two ladies, sisters, women of condition,
 Have sent by me, their *courier*, a *petition*.
 Who are these ladies should the curious ask?
 See their broad seal, a dagger and a mask!
 Here, *Brafs*, take this. I answer to the name,
Am at their call, and for your service came.

'Tis

'Tis sign'd, as you may plainly see,
 Thalia and Melpomene,
 Alias, Tragedy and Comedy. }

Poor souls ! they're angry ; and to hint is treason
 That angry ladies have not always reason ;
 In classic language they complain of wrong,
 Which thus I change to mine, the vulgar tongue.
 They set forth at large, that their case is so sad,
 That poor Comedy weeps, and that Tragedy's
 mad ;

That Op'ra, their rival, heretofore maid of honour,
 Has got to your hearts, and has ta'en much upon
 her ;

That this foreign minx has engross'd all your
 favours,

And fritter'd their passions and humour to quavers ;

That she walks cheek by jole, and won't hold up
 her tail ;

So humbly they beg, that you'll send her to jail ;
 There strip her, and whip her, then send her
 away,

And, bound as in duty, for ever they'll pray.
 My mistresses mettled, so high in their blood,
 Would scratch poor Op'ra's eyes out, if they
 could.

Suppose, your honours, to avoid a fuss,
 And save the pulling caps, adjust it thus.

O 3

When

When Tragedy has barrow'd up the soul,
Plung'd deep her dagger, or toss'd off her bowl;
When grief, rage, murder, strew the palace
round,

Musick should pour her balm into the wound;
Or, when the Comic Lads has shook your sides,
That laughter swell'd so high, burst out in tides,
Then Musick, with its sweet enchanting strain,
Should to its banks lure back the tide again.
But how shall we your various fancies bind,
When ev'ry Briton has a diff'rent mind?
Musick's a harlot, (thus Tom Surly spoke)
Whose charms will bend our honest Hearts of
Oak!

What are the Romans now, once brave and free?
Nothing but *tweedle-dum* and *tweedle-dee*.
Read Shakspeare (cries his wife) he'll blunt your
satire,

Who has not musick in his soul's a traitor.
Ev'n savage beasts are mov'd by musick's touch;
And you, my dear, to be unmov'd---is much.
Mammy is right (lisps Miss)---you're wrong, my
Daddy;

I'd hear for ever, sir, *Through the Wood Laddie**.
How's this! roars out a bard, in tragic pride,
This catgut post comes on with mighty stride;
In Musick's lulling magick we are bound;
Like yawning, spreads the epidemick sound,
"For when one yawns, by turns we yawn all
round."

* A favourite song sung the preceding summer at Vauxhall,
by Miss Wright.

XLVII.

PROLOGUE to DAPHNE and AMINTOR *.

Spoken by Mr. POWELL.

A SKILFUL cook this useful art will boast,
 To hash and mince, as well as boil and roast;
 Our cook to-night has for your fare made bold
 To hash a piece of ven'son that was cold †;
 With fresh ingredients seasons high the stew,
 And hopes the guests will heartily fall to.

Leaving the piece to answer for itself,
 We beg your favour for a little elf ‡;
 A young one, and a good one; yet no sinner;
 And though a female, has no mischief in her:
 Tho' oft with syren song she charm'd your ears,
 She now has other hopes, and other fears:
 She hopes, not yet content with what is done,
 To find more ways into your hearts than one.
 A passion long she hid, 'till out it broke,
 And thus, with blushing diffidence, she spoke:

* A Musical Farce, by Isaac Bickerstaffe, acted at Drury-lane 8th October, 1765.

† Daphne and Amintor is little more than Mrs. Cibber's Oracle, with the addition of songs.

‡ Miss Wright, afterwards Mrs. Arne, who performed Daphne. She had before played one of the Fairies in Edgar and Emmeline.

“ What joys, what raptures in my breast would
spring,

“ Had I but leave to *act*, as well as *sing* !

“ Though young I am, and difficult the trade is,

“ In time, I’ll do as much as other ladies.”

Ye giant wits, who run a tilt at all,
Who spare nor sex, nor age, nor great nor small,
Should you, fell criticks ! like the French wild
beast *,

With gluttony refin’d on damsels feast—

* At this time the news-papers were daily publishing extravagant accounts of the depredations of a wild beast in the neighbourhood of *Langagne* and the forest of *Mercoire*. One of them describes the monster in the following manner. “ It has
“ already devoured twenty persons, chiefly children, and particularly young girls ; and scarcely a day passes without some
“ accident. The terror he occasions prevents the woodcutters
“ from working in the forest, so that wood is become dear.
“ Those who have seen him say, he is much higher than a
“ wolf, low before, and his feet are armed with talons. His
“ hair is reddish, his head large, long made, and the muzzle of
“ it shaped like that of a greyhound ; his ears small and strait,
“ his breast is wide, and of a grey colour ; his back streaked
“ with black, and his mouth, which is large, is provided with
“ a set of teeth so very sharp, that they have taken off several
“ heads as clean as a razor could have done. He is of amazing
“ swiftness, but when he aims at his prey he crouches so close
“ to the ground, that he hardly appears to be bigger than a large
“ fox, and at the distance of one or two fathoms he rises upon
“ his hind legs, and springs upon his prey, which he always
“ seizes by the neck or throat. He is afraid of oxen, which
“ he runs away from. The consternation is universal throughout the district where he commits his ravages, and publick
“ prayers are offered up upon this occasion.”

Spare

Spare ours awhile!—let her some substance get,
Plumpt high with fame—she's scarce a mouthful
yet.

Or would ye, ladies, strike these giants dumb,
You can protect her from their *fee-faw-fum* !
Though humble now, how soon would she be
vain,
Should you but cry—*Bravo !*—*we'll come*
again !

To raise your smiles were it her happy lot,
For smiles are honest when the hands are not,
Should you our little songstrefs kindly treat,
With gratitude her little heart would beat ;
What raptures for a female, and so young,
To have a double right to use her tongue !

XLVIII.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. GARRICK before *Much ado about*
Nothing, acted by Command of his Majesty*.

WITH doubt—joy—apprehension almost dumb,
Once more to face this awful court I come ;
Lest Benedict should suffer by my fear,
Before he enters, I myself am here.

* November 14, 1765.

I'm told (what flatt'ry to my heart !) that you *
 Have wish'd to see me, nay have press'd it too,
 Alas ! 'twill prove another much ado. }

I, like a boy who long has truant play'd,
 No lessons got, no exercises made,
 On bloody Monday take my fearful stand,
 And often eye the birchen-scepter'd hand.
 'Tis twice twelve years since first the stage I trod,
 Enjoy'd your smiles, and felt the critics rod;
 A very nine-pin I, my stage-life through,
 Knock'd down by wits, set up again by you.
 In four and twenty years the spirits cool;
 Is it not long enough to play the fool?

To prove it is, permit me to repeat
 What late I heard in passing thro' the street:
 A youth of parts, with ladies by his side,
 Thus cock'd his glass, and through it shot my
 pride :

' 'Tis he, by Jove ! grown quite a clumsy fellow;
 ' He's fit for nothing—but a Punchinello.'
 ' O yes, for comic scenes, Sir John—no further;
 ' He's much too fat—for battles, rape, and murder !'

Worn in the service, you my faults will spare,
 And make allowance for the wear and tear.

The Chelsea pensioner, who, rich in scars,
 Fights o'er in prattle all his former wars;
 Tho' past the service, may the young ones teach,
 To march—present—to fire—and mount the
 breach.

* Looking at, and respectfully bowing to his Majesty.

Should

Should the drum beat to arms, at first he'll
 grieve
 For wooden leg, lost eye—and armless sleeve ;
 Then cocks his hat, looks fierce, and swells his
 chest ;
 'Tis for my King, and, zounds, I'll do my best !

XLIX.

PROLOGUE to the CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE*.

Spoken by Mr. HOLLAND.

POETS and painters, who from nature draw
 Their best and richest stores, have made this law :
 That each should neighbourly assist his brother,
 And steal with decency from one another.
 To-night, your matchless Hogarth gives the
 thought,
 Which from his canvas to the stage is brought.
 And who so fit to warm the poet's mind,
 As he who pictur'd morals and mankind ?
 But not the same their characters and scenes ;
 Both labour for one end, by different means :

* A Comedy, by Mr. Colman and Mr. Garrick, acted at
 Drury-lane, February 1766.

Each,

Each, as it suits him, takes a separate road,
 Their one great object, Marriage A-la-mode !
 Where Titles deign with Cits to have and hold,
 And change rich blood for more substantial gold !
 And honour'd trade from interest turns aside,
 To hazard happiness for titled pride.
 The painter dead, yet still he charms the eye ;
 While England lives, his fame can never die :
 But he, who *struts his hour upon the stage*,
 Can scarce extend his fame for half an age ;
 Nor pen nor pencil can the Actor save,
 The art, and artist, share one common grave.

O let me drop one tributary tear
 On poor Jack Falstaff's grave, and Juliet's bier * !
 You to their worth must testimony give ;
 'Tis in your hearts alone their fame can live.
 Still as the scenes of life will shift away,
 The strong impressions of their art decay.
 Your children cannot feel what you have known ;
 They'll boast of Quins and Cibbers of their own :
 The greatest glory of our happy few,
 Is to be felt, and be approv'd by you.

* Mr. Quin died 21st January, 1766, and Mrs. Cibber 31st of the same month.

L.

EPILOGUE to the CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

CHARACTERS of the EPILOGUE.

Lord Minum	-	<i>Mr. Dodd.</i>
Colonel Trill	-	<i>Mr. Vernon.</i>
Sir Patrick Mahony		<i>Mr. Moody.</i>
Miss Crotchet	-	<i>Mrs. Abington.</i>
Mrs. Quaver	-	<i>Mrs. Lee.</i>
First Lady	- -	<i>Mrs. Bradshaw.</i>
Second Lady	-	<i>Miss Mills.</i>
Third Lady	- -	<i>Mrs. Dorman.</i>

SCENE, An Assembly.

Several Persons at Cards, at different Tables;
among the rest Col. Trill, Lord Minum, Mrs.
Quaver, Sir Patrick Mahony.

At the Quadrille Table.

Col. T. LADIES, with leave—

2d Lady. Pass!

3d Lady. Pass!

Mrs. Qu. You must do more.

Col. T. Indeed I can't.

Mrs. Qu. I play in Hearts.

Col. T. Encore!

2d

2d Lady. What luck ?

Col. T. To-night at Drury-lane is play'd
A comedy, and *toute nouvelle*—a Spade!
Is not Miss Crotchet at the play ?

Mrs. Qu. My niece
Has made a party, fir, to damn the piece.

At the Whist Table.

Ld. Min. I hate a play-house—trump !—it makes
me sick.

1st Lady. We're two by honours, ma'am.

Ld. Min. And we the odd trick.
Pray do you know the author, Colonel
Trill ?

Col. T. I know no poets, heav'n be prais'd—
Spadille !

1st Lady. I'll tell you who, my lord ! (*whispers
my lord*)

Ld. Min. What he again ?
“ And dwell such daring souls in little
men ? ”

Be whose it will, they down our throats
will cram it.

Col. T. O no.—I have a Club—the best—we'll
damn it.

Mrs. Qu. O bravo, Colonel ! musick is my flame.

Ld. Min. And mine, by Jupiter ! We've won
the game.

Col. T. What, do you love all musick ?

Mrs. Qu. No, not Handel's,
And nasty Plays——

Ld. Min. Are fit for Goths and Vandals.

(*Rise from the table and pay.*)

At the Piquette Table.

Sir Pat. Well, faith and troth ! that Shakspeare
was no fool !

Col. T. I'm glad you like him, fir !—So ends
the Pool !

(Pay and rise from table.)

SONG by the Colonel.

I hate all their nonsense,
Their Shakespeares and Johnsons,
Their plays, and their play-house, and bards :
'Tis fingering, not faying ;
A fig for all playing,
But playing, as we do, at cards !

I love to see Jonas,
Am pleas'd too with Comus ;
Each well the spectator rewards.
So clever, so neat in
Their tricks and their cheating !
Like them we would fain deal our cards.

Sir Pat. King Lare is touching !—And how
fine to see
Ould Hamlet's ghost !—“ To be, or
not to be.”

What are your op'ras to Othello's
roar ?

Oh he's an angel of a blackamoor !

Ld. Min. What, when he choaks his wife ?

Col. T. And calls her whore ?

Sir

Sir Pat. King Richard calls his horse—and then
Macbeth,
Whene'er he murders——takes away
the breath.
My blood runs cold at ev'ry syllable,
To see the dagger—that's invifible.

(*All laugh.*)

Sir Pat. Laugh if you please, a pretty play ——
Ld. Min. Is pretty.

Sir Pat. And when there's wit in't——

Col T. To be fure 'tis witty.

Sir Pat. I love the play-house now——so light
and gay,

With all those candles, * they have ta'en
away! (*All laugh*)

For all your game, what makes it so
much brighter?

Col. T. Put out the light, and then ——

Ld. Min. 'Tis so much lighter.

Sir Pat. Pray do you mane, firs, more than you
exprefs?

Col. T. Just as it happens——

Ld. Min. Either more or lefs.

Mrs. Qu. An't you aſham'd, fir? [*to Sir Pat.*]

Sir Pat. Me! I feldom bluſh.

For little Shakeſpeare, faith! I'd take
a puſh!

Ld. Min. News, news! here comes Miſs Crotchet
from the play.

Enter

* The Chandeliers which uſed to hang from the cieling, were
this Scaſon taken away.

Enter Miss Crotchet.

Mrs. Qu. Well, Crotchet, what's the news?

Miss Cro. We've lost the day.

Col. T. Tell us, dear miss, all you have heard and seen.

Miss Cro. I'm tir'd—a chair—here, take my capuchin!

Ld. Min. And isn't damn'd, miss?

Miss Cro. No, my lord, not quite :
But we shall damn it.

Col. T. When?

Miss Cro. To-morrow night.
There is a party of us, all of fashion,
Resolv'd to exterminate this vulgar passion :

A play-house, what a place ! I must
forswear it.

A little mischief only makes one bear it.
Such crowds of city folks !—so rude and
pressing ! :

And their horse-laughs, so hideously
distressing !

Whene'er we hiss'd, they frown'd and
fell a swearing,

Like their own Guildhall Giants, fierce
and staring !

Col. T. What said the folks of fashion ? were
they cross ?

Ld. Min. The rest have no more judgment than
my horse.

Miss Cro. Lord Grimly swore 'twas execrable stuff.

Says one, Why so, my lord?—my lord took snuff.

In the first Act Lord George began to doze,

And criticis'd the Author—through his nose;

So loud indeed, that as his lordship snor'd,

The Pit turn'd round, and all the brutes encor'd.

Some lords, indeed, approv'd the Author's jokes.

Ld. Min. We have among us, miss, *some* foolish folks.

Miss Cro. Says poor Lord Simper—Well now, to my mind,

The piece is good; but he's both deaf and blind.

Sir Pat. Upon my soul a very pretty story!
And quality appears in all its glory!
There was some merit in the piece, no doubt;

Miss Cro. O, to be sure! if one could find it out.

Col. T. But tell us, miss, the subject of the play.

Miss Cro. Why, 'twas a marriage—yes, a marriage — Stay!

A Lord, an Aunt, two Sisters, and a Merchant—

A Baronet, ten Lawyers, a fat Serjeant,
Are

Are all produc'd—to talk with one another ;
And about something make a mighty
pothor ;
They all go in, and out, and to, and
fro ;
And talk, and quarrel —as they come
and go.
Then go to bed, and then get up—
and then
Scream, faint, scold, kiss—and go to
bed again. *(All laugh)*
Such is the play—your judgment ! never
sham it.

Col. T. O damn it!

Mrs. Qu. Damn it!

1st Lady. Damn it!

Miss Cro. Damn it!

Ld. Min. Damn it!

Sir Pat. Well, faith, you speak your minds, and
I'll be free —

Good night ! this company's too good
for me. *(Going.)*

Col. T. Your judgment, dear Sir Patrick, make
us proud. *(All laugh.)*

Sir. Pat. Laugh if you please, but pray don't
laugh too loud. *[Exit.]*

RECITATIVE.

Col. T. Now the barbarian's gone, miss, tune
your tongue,

And let us raise our spirits high with song !

RECITATIVE.

Miss Cro. Colonel, *de tout mon cœur* — I've one
in *petto*,
Which you shall join, and make it a
Duetto.

RECITATIVE.

Ld. Min. Bella Signora, et Amico mio!
I too will join, and then we'll make a
Trio.

Col. T. Come all and join the full-mouth'd
Chorus,
And drive all Tragedy and Comedy be-
fore us.

*All the Company rise, and advance to the Front of
the Stage.*

A I R.

Col. T. Would you ever go to see a Tragedy? *
Miss Cro. Never, never.

Col. T. A Comedy?

Ld. M. Never, never,
Live for ever!

Tweedle-dum, and Tweedle-dee.

Col. T. Ld. M. and Miss Cro.

Live for ever!

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

C H O R U S.

Would you ever go to see, &c.

P R O.

LI.

P R O L O G U E

For the opening of the Bristol Theatre,

Spoken by Mr. POWELL*.

BEFORE you see, one of your stage directors,
Or, if you please, one of those strange projec-
tors,

Whose heated brain in fatal magic bound,
Seeks for that *stone* which never can be found :
But in projection comes the dreadful stroke,
The glasses burst, and all is bounce and smoke !
Tho' doubtful still our fate—I bite my thumbs,
And my heart fails me—for projection comes :
Your smiles would chase our fears—still I could
dream,

Rich as a Nabob, with my golden scheme !

That all the world's a stage, you can't deny ;
And what's our stage ?—a shop——I'll tell you
why.

You are the customers, the tradesmen we ;
And well for us, you pay, before you see :
We give no trust, a ready money trade ;
Should you stop payment, we are bankrupts
made.

* 30th May, 1766.

P 3

To

To feast your minds, and sooth each worldly
care,

We largely traffic in Dramatic Ware ;

Then swells our shop, a warehouse to your eyes ;

And we from small retailers, merchants rise !

From Shakespeare's golden mines we'll fetch the
ore,

And land his riches on this happy shore !

For we theatric merchants never quit

His boundless stores of universal wit !

But we in vain shall richly laden come,

Unless deep water brings us safely home ;

Unless your favour in full tides will flow,

Ship, crew, and cargo, to the bottom go !

Indulge us then, and from our hearts receive

Our warmest wishes—all we have to give.

May honour'd commerce, with her sails unfurl'd,

Still bring you treasures from each distant world ;

From east to west extend this city's name,

Still to her sons encreasing wealth with fame.

And may this merit be our honest boast,

To give *you* pleasure, and no virtue lost.

LII.

ADDRESS to the TOWN, by way of EPI-
LOGUE to the COUNTRY GIRL*.

Spoken by Miss REYNOLDS.

BUT you good gentry, what say you to this?
You are to judge me—have I done amiss?
I've reasons will convince ye all, and strong ones,
Except old folks, who hanker after young ones:
Bud was so passionate, and grown so thrifty,
'Twas a sad life!—and then, he was near fifty.
I'm but nineteen—my husband too is young,
So soft, so gentle, such a winning tongue! }
Have I, pray ladies speak, done very wrong?
As for poor Bud, 'twas honest to deceive him!
More virtuous sure to cheat him, than to grieve
him.

Great folk, I know, will call me simple slut,
Marry for love, they cry; the country put!
Marriage with them's a fashion—soon grows
cool;

But I'm for loving always, like a fool.
With half my fortune I would rather part,
Than be all finery with an aching heart.
For these strange awkward notions don't abuse me,
And as I know no better—pray excuse me!

* A Comedy, altered from Wycherly by Mr. Garrick, and
acted at Drury-lane, October 1766.

LIII.

EPILOGUE to the EARL of WARWICK *.

Spoken by Mrs. YATES.

EXHAUSTED quite with prisons, racks, and
death,

Permit me here to take a little breath !

You who have seen my actions, know their
springs,

Say, are we women such insipid things ?

Say, lords of the creation, mighty men !

In what have you surpass'd us ? where ? and
when ?

I come to know to whom the palm is due :

To us weak vessels, or to stronger you ?

Against your conqu'ring swords I draw—my fan.

Come on—now parry Marg'ret †, if you can.

(Sets herself in a posture of defence.

Stand up, ye boasters ! *(to the pit)* don't there
sneaking sit ;

Are you for pleasure, politicks, or wit ?

The Boxes smile to see me scold the Pit.

* A Tragedy, by Dr. Franklin, acted at Drury-lane, December, 1766.

† Marg'ret of Anjou ; the character in the play performed by Mrs. Yates.

Their

Their turn is next—and, tho' I will not wrong
'em,

A woeful havock there will be among 'em.

You, our best friends, love, cherish, and respect
us ;

Not take our fortunes, marry, and neglect us.

You think, indeed, that, as you please, you rule
us,

And with a strange importance often school us !

Yet let each citizen describe a brother,

I'll tell you what you say of one another.

My neighbour leads, poor soul, a woeful life,

A worthy man—but govern'd by his wife !

How say you ? what, all silent ! then 'tis true :

We rule the city—now, great sirs, to you.

(To the Boxes.)

What is your boast ? Would you like me have
done,

To free a captive wife, or save a son ?

Rather than run such dangers of your lives,

You'd leave your children, and lock up your
wives.

When with your noblest deeds a nation rings,

You are but puppets, and we play the strings.

We plan no battles—true—but out of sight,

Crack goes the fan—and armies halt or fight !

You have the advantage, ladies ! wisely reap it,

And let me hint the only way to keep it :

Let men of mean ideas have their fill,

Frown, bounce, stride, strut, while you with happy
skill,

Like

Like anglers, use the finest filken thread ;
 Give line enough---nor check a tugging head ;
 The fish will flounder ; you, with gentle hand,
 And soft degrees, must bring the trout to land :
 A more specific nostrum cannot be——
Probatum est—and never fails with *me*.

LIV.

P R O L O G U E to C Y M O N *.

For New-Year's Day.

Spoken by Mr. K I N G.

I COME, obedient to my brethren's call,
 From top to bottom to salute you all ;
 Warmly to wish, before our piece you view,
 A happy year---to you---you---you---and you !
Boxes, pit, 1st gall. 2d gall.
 From you the play'rs enjoy, and feel it here,
 The *merry Christmas* and the *happy year*.

There is a good old saying, pray attend it ;
 As you begin the year, you'll surely end it.
 Should any one this night incline to evil,
 He'll play for twelve long months the very devil !

* A Dramatick Romance, by Mr. Garvick, acted at Drury-
 lane, January 1767.

Should

And should your taste and ears be over-nice,
 Alas ! you'll spoil my singing in a trice.
 If you should *growl*, my notes will alter soon,
 I can't be *in*—if you are *out* of tune.
 Permit my fears your favour to bespeak,
 My part's a strong one, and *poor I but weak* *.
 If you but smile, I'm firm ; if frown, I stumble ;
 Scarce well of *one*, spare me a *second* tumble !

* Mr. King the preceding summer fell from his horse and broke his thigh. The part of Linco in this piece was his second appearance after the accident.

LV.

E P I L O G U E

To the ENGLISH MERCHANT*.

Enter Lady Alton (Mrs. ABINGTON) in a passion ; Spatter (Mr. KING) following.

L. Alt. I'LL hear no more, thou wretch ! attend to reason !

A woman of my rank ! 'tis petty treason !
 Hear reason, blockhead ! Reason ! what is that ?
 Bid me wear pattens, and a high-crown'd hat !

* A Comedy, by Mr. Colman, acted at Drury-lane, February 1767.

Won't

Won't you begone? What won't you? What's
your view?

Spatter. Humbly to serve the tuneful Nine in
you.

I must invoke you—

L. Alt. I renounce such things;
Not Phœbus now, but Vengeance sweeps the
strings:

My mind is discord all! I scorn, detest
All human kind!—*you* more than all the rest.

Spatter. I humbly thank you, ma'am; but
weigh the matter.

L. Alt. I won't hear reason! and I hate you,
Spatter!

Myself, and ev'ry thing.

Spatter. That I deny;
You love a little mischief, so do I;
And mischief I have for you.

L. Alt. How? where? when?
Will you stab Falbridge?

Spatter. Yes, ma'am—with my pen.

L. Alt. Let loose, my *Spatter*, 'till to death
you've stung 'em,

That green-ey'd monster, Jealousy, among 'em.

Spatter. To dash at all, the spirit of my trade is,
Men, Women, Children, Parsons, Lords and La-
dies.

There will be danger.

L. Alt. And there shall be pay.

Take my purse, *Spatter!* (*Gives it him*)

Spatter. In an honest way.

(*Smiles and takes it*)

L. Alt. Should my Lord beat you——

Spatter. Let them laugh that win!

For all my bruises, here's gold-beater's skin.

(*Chinking the purse.*)

L. Alt. Nay, should he kill you——

Spatter. Ma'am!

L. Alt. My kindness meant

To pay your merit with a monument.

Spatter. Your kindness, Lady, takes away my
breath;

We'll stop, with your good leave, on this side
death.

L. Alt. Attack Amelia, both in verse and
prose:

Your wit can make a nettle of a rose.

Spatter. A stinging nettle for his Lordship's
breast;

And to my *stars* and *dash*es leave the rest.

I'll make 'em miserable, never fear;

Pout in a month, and part in half a year.

I know my genius, and can trust my plan;

I'll break a woman's heart with any man.

L. Alt. Thanks, thanks, dear Spatter! be
severe and bold!

Spatter. No qualms of conscience with a purse
of gold;

Tho' pill'ries threaten, and tho' crabsticks fall,

Your's are my heart, soul, pen, ears, bones, and
all.

[*Exit Spatter.*]

Lady

Lady Altan alone.

Thus to the winds at once my cares I scatter—
 O 'tis a charming rascal, this same Spatter!
 His precious mischief makes the storm subside!
 My anger, thank my stars! all rose from pride.
 Pride should belong to us alone of fashion;
 And let the mob take love, that vulgar passion!
 Love, pity, tenderness, are only made
 For poets, Abigails, and folks in trade;
 Some cits about their *feelings* make a fuss,
 And some are better bred—who live with us;
 How low Lord Falbridge is! he takes a wife,
 To love, and cherish, and be fix'd for life!
 Thinks marriage is a comfortable state,
 No pleasure like a *varnious tete-à-tete*!
 Do our Lords Justice, for I would not wrong 'em,
 There are not many such poor souls among 'em.
 Our turtles from the town will fly with speed,
 And I'll foretell the vulgar life they'll lead.
 With love and ease grown fat, they face all wea-
 ther,

And, farmers both, trudge arm in arm together:
 Now view their stock, now in their nurs'ry prattle,
 For ever with their children, or their cattle.
 Like the dull mill-horse, in one round they keep,
 They walk, talk, fondle, dine, and fall asleep:
Their custom always in the afternoon,
 He bright as Sol, and she the chaste full Moon!

Wak'd with their coffee, madam first begins;
 She rubs her eyes, his Lordship rubs his shins;
 She sips, and smirks—"Next week's our wed-
 ding-day,

"Married seven years!—and ev'ry hour (*yawns*)
 "more gay!"

"True, Emmy, (*cries my Lord*) the blessing lies,
 "Our hearts in ev'ry thing (*yawns*) so sym-
 thize!"

The day thus spent, my Lord for musick calls;
 He thrums the bass, to which my Lady squalls;
 The children join, which so delights these ninnies,
 The brats seem all *Guarduccis—Lovatinies*.

—What means this qualm? Why, sure, while I'm
 despising,

That vulgar passion, Envy, is not rising!
 O no!—Contempt is struggling to burst out:
 I'll give it vent at Lady Scalpem's route.

[*Exit hastily.*]



END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

